

THE SCOURGE.

JULY 1, 1811.

THE DUKE OF YORK, THE WHIGS, AND THE
BURDETTES.

OH! Mr. Scourge! Mr. Scourge! What have you done? You are ruined, everlastingly ruined! the whole tribe of ministerial hirelings are against you; you will never obtain a place or pension as long as you live, and the attorney general will watch your progress with the most sedulous anxiety. Even the opposition have been roused to indignation by your strictures. The king's illness has made a wonderful difference; those who two years ago shook their heads in moral detestation of the heinous sin of adultery, are now of opinion that the little peccadilloes of princes should not be observed with that severity of reprobation that is justly due to the vices of more humble individuals. Mr. Bankes has discovered that one of the blood royal, remarkable only for his incapacity while the party expected to accomplish their elevation by his own downfall, may be metamorphosed by the favor of his august brother into a person "every way qualified to fill the office of commander in chief;" Mr. Bathurst informs us that the loss of character on the part of an accuser, demonstrates the innocence of a convicted culprit; and the house was *convinced* that because a witness is paid for the production of documents, her conduct refutes the documents themselves.

It may fortify your readers against the delusions of senatorial sophistry to remind them that during the examination of Mrs. Clarke before the House of Commons, her

evidence was professedly disregarded by all parties, except as it was corroborated by collateral testimony. They acknowledged at the outset of the investigation, that she had been injured by the duke, and she therefore appeared under the suspicious character of a witness excited by revenge. The majority of those who then voted against the duke, and now support their apostacy, by asserting that circumstances which have since transpired prove that Mrs. Clarke was a corrupt evidence, expressly declared on the several motions against him, that *in giving their votes they totally dismissed from their minds all idea of Mrs. Clarke's credibility*, and rested only on the general features of the case. The "*circumstances that have since transpired*," as they only tend therefore to impeach Mrs. Clarke's disinterestedness and veracity, and as these are virtues for which she *never* obtained any credit, can have had no influence in producing the extraordinary change of opinion, by which the interest of the nation has been sacrificed and its feelings insulted.

But if the conduct of the opposition be shuffling and dishonourable, what can be said of the silence of the Burdettites? Where is Mr. Lovell with his daily philippic? And what has bridled the tongue of Mr. Waithman? These gentlemen cannot appeal to the "*circumstances which have since transpired*:" for they believe Mr. Stokes to be guilty of perjury, and ascribe to Mr. Wardle the honors of a patriot. What has become of the livery of London? Where are the persons who voted the colonel his sword? And what has benumbed the faculties of those citizens whose clamours were once so loud and so vehement? Is it possible that the independents have really been metamorphosed into courtiers, and that they, like the opposition, are afraid of disobliging the Prince Regent? If this be the case, let us resign ourselves at once to the guidance of that ministry, whose support of the duke they have so frequently declared to be "shameless and profligate," rather than remain any longer the voluntary dupes of factious hypocrisy.

It is indeed lamentable to consider that the principles of the modern whigs were for many years exactly the same with those that are now professed by the Burdettites; that until their accession to power they spoke with enthusiasm of unlimited and unconditional reform, and that their constant topic of ridicule was the plea of innovation; yet after professing, for more than twenty years, the most ardent devotion to the interests of the people, and exhausting every argument that ingenuity could adduce, in support of their rights against the corruption of men in power, they had scarcely gained admission to the cabinet before they were guilty of the most flagrant follies committed by their predecessors, and displayed the determination to remove every obstacle that could impede their views of personal aggrandisement or emolument. Lord Ellenborough was at once a judge and a member of the cabinet, in spite of justice, and propriety, and the opinions of the people. Lord Erskine, the professed advocate of the liberty of the press, displayed himself its most inveterate enemy: and the subject of reform was only mentioned during their administration in terms of horror at the very idea of its being brought before the house.

It is perfectly plain, from the whole tenor of their late conduct, that they are willing to sacrifice every feeling and every principle, to the grand object of becoming the ministers of *George the fourth*. For this they would abandon every political pledge, and trample on every privilege of the people. They care not for the constitution of their country, or for the happiness of their constituents; the only objects of their desire are the emoluments of office. If they say that these assertions are false and calumnious, let us ask them if they are willing to be judged by their conduct, and if they abide by this criterion, it then becomes our duty to demand, by what acts of their administration they restrained the progress of corruption, or in what their system of government differed from that of their official predecessors.

Whoever remembers the speeches of Mr. Grey and

the lectures of Mr. Curwen, will wonder how men who confine their views of reform to the restoration of triennial parliaments can have the folly to boast of their patriotism and consistency. From week to week, and from year to year was Mr. Pitt reminded of his apostacy; extracts from the defence of Tooke were circulated in the opposition papers and quoted in parliament, and the present Lord Howick was astonished that any man could have the hardihood to retain the reins of government after such glaring tergiversation. But now the principles of his lordship are left to be supported by Sir Francis, and his partizans are eager to "rally round the government," and oppose that spirit of 'innovation' which they formerly exerted themselves with such unwearied diligence to excite.

Were they boldly to avow that their opinions had been changed by subsequent experience, they would at least deserve our approbation of their frankness, and *might* obtain the praise of honesty. But whatever indignation may be excited by their actual desertion of their former principles, is considerably aggravated by their mean and shuffling endeavours to conceal it. They talk about the liberties of the people with as much fluency as ever, are very skilful adepts at the cant of reform, and are quite alarmed at the increased and increasing influence of the crown. By this mode of evasion they are continually exposing themselves to a comparison with the Burdettites; and the people have at least the intelligence to distinguish between those who are friends to the cause from principle, and those who affect to support it from convenience.

And after all there is every probability that their meanness and hypocrisy will at length be rewarded by the most bitter disappointment. The Morning Chronicle has long since abandoned its statement of Mr. Percival's *ten minutes* interview with the Prince. As far as can be collected from appearances he is in perfect harmony with his father's ministers; the loyalty with which they supported the rights and the honour of their sovereign during a late

discussion is the best security for their attachment to his successor; their plans of continental warfare, so bold in their conception, and so successful in their issue, were formed and conducted in spite of the clamour and the prophetic forebodings of the opposition; the warlike system that they profess is more flattering to the pride, and more congenial to the temper of his Royal Highness, than the cautious and pacific system of those who call themselves his friends; and the opinions of the multitude who love the independents, admire the Pittites, and execrate the whigs, must have some influence with a prince, the first object of whose ambition, and the best security of whose glory, is the affection of his people.

In the mean time, it becomes the duty of the Burdettite leaders to shew that they are above suspicion. If they suffer themselves to be cajoled into silence or lulled to apathy, they may find when it is too late that they do not monopolize all the independent talent of the country, and that when the people are determined to support their rights they can always find a champion to advocate their cause.

CARACTACUS.

POETICAL BIOGRAPHY.

No. I.

THE BRIDGE-STREET HERO.

A NEW SONG,

[*To the tune of "The Barber of Liquorpond Street."*]

Oh! who has not heard of the Knight of Blackfriars,
That friend of all calves, and that foe to all fires;
With manners so gentle, and knowledge amazing,
Whose wit, like his cheeks, is always a blazing?

From the days of old David to this wicked age,
The rod of *dominion* to sway's been the rage,
And Richard, unable to make his election,
At Chester, Sir, brandished the rod of *correction*.

But deluded at first by untimely ambition,
His females he took under private tuition :
And thinking such punishment good for the soul, Sir,
'Stead of using a rod, knocked them down with a *pole*, Sir.

A carpenter's *rib* applied for instruction
In the laws of compression, and doctrines of suction,
In *dry measure*, *long* she'd been taught by her spouse,
But that Dick taught her *long measure*, solemnly vows,

How many *square inches* there are to a *yard*,
To teach his fair pupil he strove very hard ;
But compelled by her husband to sound a retreat,
He was happy to make the best use of his *feet*.

Then to Leicester he hasten'd, where he undertook—
Strange fortune! from teaching, to sell the horn-book ;
And illum'd by the light of futurity's taper,
First began, in *retail*, his dealings in *paper*.

To afford his poor townsmen *all possible pleasure*,
He gave them all *Paine*,* Sir, deplorable measure !
For since power over virtue will sometimes prevail,
'Twas here that he paid his first visit to jail.

His confinement concluded he stalk'd six feet higher,
And flamed, Sir, away as a *tradesman offire* ;
But finding his townsmen were lost in amaze,
He left his old neighbourhood all in a blaze.

In London arrived to change Richard chose,
From a dealer in books to a vendor of hose :
Justly taking the liberty, when he saw meet,
Both to furnish the head, and to cover the feet.

* Paine's Rights of Man.

Here he chanc'd to converse with a maid vers'd in stitching,
With wit sharp as needles, and taste most bewitching,
In raising a crust, no French cook more expert,
And he soon eat the way to her sensitive heart.

Her bosom excelled her own pastry in whiteness ;
His wit far outshone his own Hessians in brightness.
Her cap she set at him, he made her his own,
And, a type of his trade, Sir, the *stocking* was thrown.

She's, 'tis said, so well versed in the pye-making art,
That even her temper is deucedly *tart*,
That her manners are *crusty*, and people less prize
The *fruit of her body*, than fruit of her pies !

His stocking shop left to Bridge-street he came,
And by puffing and boasting extended his fame,
But tho' from fleecy hose he'd withdrawn his affection,
He shew'd that to fleecing he'd no great objection.*

With an army of authors all watching his nod,
He began to believe himself great as a god ;
And Mavor, to shew Lady Phillips his taste,
Took to handling the scissars, and using *puff* paste.

Poor Pratt prattled nonsense to please his " sweet Poll,"
George Dyer wrote odes to her six penny doll ;
And while Thelwall sonorously lifted his voice,
In the chorus *rejoicingly* join'd *Jerry Joyce*.

Dr. *Aikin* discovered that meanness and pride,
If not much *akin*, Sir, are nearly allied,
Richard's falsehood and anger too plainly were seen,
And *truth's blank-shot*, soon *blew up* his grand *Magazine*.

At length in his coach, with his footmen so fine,
And the chain round his neck, how the sheriff did shine !
So true to his office, of wisdom so deep,
His *books* he could neither *dispose of*, nor *keep*.

* See Lord Ellenborough's charge on the action respecting O'Sullivan's bills.

Then he rode to St. James's, and there was created
A *knight*, tho' such honors he vow'd that he hated ;
And really, if people the truth do but tell,
The title of *night-man* would suit him as well.

His cash growing short, he extended his trade,
And 'stead of buying foolscap his own paper made,
But to shew himself guiltless of miserly vice,
He sold it at half of the nominal price.

Some say that too eager for ill gotten gain,
By too many plans he distracted his brain ;
And in marking his paper he'd almost been undone,
By unwarily Dublin mistaking for London.

Red-hot, Sir, in chemistry's annals to shine,
His lady's best smock he suspends on a line :
And discovers, (what strack him with speechless surprize,)
That when flames ascend upwards they always will rise !

Ye virgins of upright positions beware,
And for feats horizontal your fair limbs prepare ;
And if from destruction you'd save a new gown,
When a *hot spark* flies at you, *directly lie down*.*

No doubt since in this life so *warmly* he strove,
Of fire both the action and nature to prove ;
He'll obtain in the *Crown-court* of Satan a place,
Where the blaze shall out-brighten the flame of his face !

* See the experimentalist's advice in the Morning Post. He there informs us that a handkerchief held perpendicularly burns much quicker than if held horizontally, and that when a female is seized by the flames (Q. of love ?) she should immediately extend herself on the carpet.

ON MEDICAL EDUCATION.

THERE is no circumstance more disgraceful to the two universities, than that while many trifling and supernumerary studies are encouraged by honorary rewards, and supported by pecuniary donations, the art of medicine alone is regarded with contempt or indifference. While the mathematician, the Latinist, the musician, and the chemist, are stimulated to exertion by every motive of interest or ambition, and assisted by the daily and hourly repetition of private and public instruction, the student of physic is permitted to prepare for his final contest in the schools, without the interference of his tutor, and to take his degree without the danger or the glory of a senate-house examination.

At the university of Cambridge, in particular, the professorship of anatomy (tenable during the life of the incumbent,) is the only situation of dignity or profit to which a doctor of physic can aspire; and the medical scholarships of one or two of the minor colleges are usually appropriated to the private favourites of the master. In the estimation of the university, a medical student is a mere nonentity : though it is required that he should pay the classical and mathematical tutors, it is not expected that he should attend their lectures, and whatever may be the copiousness of the college library in every other branch of human study or pursuit, the class of medicine seldom occupies more than a single page of an octavo catalogue.

Yet on a medical education obtained under these circumstances do a large proportion of the faculty rest their claims to public confidence. Very few of them think proper during the period of academical probation to attend the hospitals or lectures in London or Edinburgh : to write a medical thesis is beneath the dignity of a man who can borrow the circulating MSS. of his friendly predecessors ; quotations from Celsus tagged together with

shreds of *dog-latin*, will supply the place of original argument and language, when he mounts the rostrum of the schools ; and Hooper's Dictionary may enable him to anticipate the questions of Sir Isaac Pennington.

It is not an uncommon practice for the student, who wishes to gain a medical reputation, without the trouble of deserving it, to remain incog. at some obscure village in the neighbourhood of a watering-place, where he employs himself in seducing the virgins of the hamlet, or in other amusements equally innocent and dignified, while his tutors suppose that he is attending the lectures of Munro, and double the remittances of so hopeful and diligent a pupil.

Nor if the student be *really* desirous of improvement will he always be able to correct the errors and prejudices of theory by practical observation ; the finances of few young men are adequate to an alternate residence at Cambridge and Edinburgh, or London ; and the under-graduate who finds that such an arrangement is difficult, will soon persuade himself that it is unnecessary.

Even of those few who have been honourably distinguished from their fellow students, by their ambition of improvement, the practice has seldom been accompanied by any very brilliant success. An M. D. of the English universities is better acquainted with the opinions of his predecessors, and the medical doctrines of the ancients, than with the external symptoms of disease, or with the practical resources of his art. A Young, or a Fothergill, may occasionally appear as living evidences that there are no obstacles, which genius and perseverance are not able to surmount ; but the faculties of common minds are scarcely to be developed by a system of education, which affords no stimulus to the activity of enterprise, nor rewards the ardor of emulation.

Nothing has so materially retarded the progress of medical improvement, as that blind veneration for prescriptive authority, which a long residence at an English university, or a long acquaintance with the students in divinity

and the mathematics is so well calculated to produce. The great truths of christianity require only calm and scholastic illustration, and are too firmly established to call forth the intellectual prowess of any modern champion; and in abstract studies, of which the conclusions are remote, and dependent for their utility rather on their ultimate correctness than on their immediate enunciation, the beaten track is the safest and the most honorable; but in the science of medicine, all is yet uncertain and confused; instead of the calmness of deduction, its pursuit requires the energy and adventurousness of an original discoverer. Every approach that it shall make to perfection before the lapse of another century must be owing to the genius and not to the industry of its professors. What Sir Isaac Newton has performed in *natural* philosophy, may, at no very distant period, be accomplished in the philosophy of medicine. We possess the lamp of knowledge, but where is the hand of the magician?

The college which is now erecting at Cambridge, under the will of Sir George Downing, affords a speedy opportunity of remedying the defect we have thus pointed out in university discipline. The profession of civil law is sufficiently encouraged at Trinity Hall and some other colleges, and we hope, therefore, that the funds of *Downing* will be appropriated to the *other* objects mentioned in the testament of its founder. It will not be sufficient that Sir Busic Harwood should reside at the lodge, or that the candidates for a fellowship should have taken the degree of M. B.: they should be publicly examined in every branch of medical science, and the successful candidate should rather be chosen for the correctness and extent of his anatomical and pathological enquiries, than for the pureness of his Latinity.

To those who are intended for the sedentary professions we would recommend the most assiduous attention to the minutiae of classical composition; but to the student in

medicine no scholastic acquisitions will supply the place of personal observation and practical experiment; and we are afraid, that whatever is added to the extent of the former, must be abstracted from the correctness and importance of the latter.

Nor should the patronage of the college be confined to the graduates; the scholarships should be open to none but those who made physic the real object of their pursuit. The exhibitions should only be granted on the express condition of annual attendance at the hospitals; and the prize should be adjudged to that dissertation on a medical subject which displayed the greatest originality of thought and felicity of observation.

We are the more particular in these suggestions, because the majority of the present fellows have neither taken a medical degree, nor been in any way distinguished above their university contemporaries. It is thus that the founders of collegiate institutions are usually rewarded, and that dotage or vanity is repaid by avarice and ingratitude!

Independent, however, of what may be effected by the bye-laws of a particular college, we see no reason why the same objects might not be more speedily accomplished by the endeavours of the collective university. The same resources that enable Dr. Woolaston and Mr. Vince to give lectures on chemistry and mechanics, would enable Sir Busic Harwood to give *scientific* demonstrations in anatomy. The want of dead subjects, is a complaint that though it may sometimes be advanced as an excuse for inactivity and ignorance, is always tacitly acknowledged to be groundless; and the symptoms and progress of those common maladies in which the skill of the physician is most extensively useful, may be observed to as much advantage at Addenbrooke's Hospital, as at the first receptacle of *living subjects* within the circuit of the metropolis. Could the other advantages of academical education be combined with practical improvement, in the

various branches of medical knowledge, it would be superfluous to estimate the superiority that the graduate of an English university must necessarily obtain over his rivals in every qualification that could deserve the respect and the confidence of his patients. At a time when the title of physician is usurped by every dabbler in pharmacy, and those emoluments which ought to be the exclusive rewards of learning, genius, and integrity, are shared or engrossed by a multitude of needy and ignorant adventurers, it is peculiarly necessary that the legitimate members of the profession should be discriminated by those habits of pecuniary liberality and social elegance, which always distinguish the regularly educated gentleman from the superficial pretender, or the unprincipled profligate.

TWO DOGS FOR ONE BONE.

It was not a bone in *possession*, gentle readers, about which these *pretty poodles* began their snarling; but what makes the thing far more impudent, a bone they were *hunting after*. As I am a plain rough fellow, and not in the least a *dab hand* at what is called exordium, my essay in the most humble manner presents itself bare-headed before ye.

In the Doncaster Gazette, alias Nottinghamshire Advertiser of the date of Friday, April 12th, 1811, in the first page of the said publication, the first column thereof, and the first article in that column, you will find it thus printed.

WANTED (*either in June or September,*)

“THE care of a CHURCH for a few months, or twelve months, or to purchase the next PRESENTATION of a LIVING, that is likely to be soon vacant.

“Letters, postpaid, directed to the Rev. MR. CURRAN, Mansfield, will be duly attended to.”

This is a faithful copy, the exact mode of the type, and I defy the whole tribe of Levi, from the bishop to the dog-whipper; to say (having the esteem of truth before their eyes) that this is *not* TRADING. As to the man's wanting to take a job either by the *day* or the *great*, 'tis all very commendable, he is labouring in his vocation—pshaw! I beg the *gentleman's* pardon, *profession* I should have said; but he likewise flies at higher game, he wishes to *purchase a presentation of a church*; yet if he was addressed as Mr. Such-a-one, *dealer and chapman*, what a blaze would it create! What, insult a *gentleman's feelings* by such a vulgar appellation? Well, let us try this matter fairly, by a parallel, and if it should turn out that this *reverend* did not wish to become a *dealer*, we will crave his pardon. We will take the very next article, which purporteth to treat of

“LONDON PORTER VAULTS, ROTHERHAM.

“J. BROADHEAD begs leave respectfully to acquaint his friends and the public, he has now in hand, fit for immediate consumption, FINE OLD BOTTLED BROWN STOUT, of superior quality and strength, in high condition,” &c. &c.

Now *J. Broadhead*, I apprehend, is a man not ashamed of his TRADING, and would not be in the least offended, nor feel the least unpleasantness (barring the Gazette) in being stiled *dealer and chapman*; no, not he indeed! And why should he? And, as for the matter of that, why should the *other*, all things considered? *J. Broadhead* wishes to sell his *fine old bottled brown stout*, and the *parson* wants to buy a living. If *selling* confers on a man the title of *dealer and chapman*, in the name of common sense, does not *buying* operate in a similar way? The balance, in point of *morality*, lies clearly with the porter-merchant; he is acting *legally*, in every acceptance of the term; the *other*, notwithstanding all the *lying, logical, shuffling evasions, adapted to the occasion*, is attempting to trample upon the law of the land, impudently braving, to their very teeth, numerous statutes.

But, reader, courteous reader, “how oft happens the

slip between the cup and the lip." By some unaccountable circumstances totally mystical to my comprehension, it came to pass, on the 26th day of the said April, that there appeared exactly in the same situation, as *a leader*, mind ye, a *front rank man*, a *corner-pin* in the said Doncaster Gazette, the following article :

"Whereas an advertisement appeared in this paper on the 12th instant for a curacy, and purchase of a living, reference to be made to the REV. MR. CURSHAM, Mansfield : *This is to declare*, that this advertisement was inserted by the REV. MR. WILLIAMS, of Kirby, near Mansfield, for his own purpose, without the consent or knowledge of MR. CURSHAM, and application is requested to be made to the REV. MR. WILLIAMS as above."

Now, as to which of these *Christian teachers* were inwardly moved to become the *principal* in this *nefarious traffic*, it is of very little consequence to enquire ; we may venture to set it down as a disputable point, and leave it to the arbitrament of their trusty and well beloved friends the DEVIL and SIMON MAGUS. More is certainly meant than is intended to meet the eye, and its developement may be left to time and *good neighbourhood*. One thing clearly ascertained is this, that there has been publicly avowed an intention of committing an act highly *irreligious* and *illegal*. 'Tis of no use to say such things are as common as the sun at noon-day : the question is, are they not illegal ? Is not perjury attached to such procedure ?

A TRAVELLER.

5th June, 1811.

A REAL CHARACTER.

THERE is at this moment a military man, although his form and manners savour but little of his profession, who, by dint of adulation and the continual profession of sen-

timents which he never condescends to reduce to practice, added withal to a very gentlemanly deportment, has contrived to ingratiate himself considerably into the notice of the superior classes of society. Originally bred to the law, he practiced as an attorney, and being really gifted with more than common talents, he made much progress ; until, in an evil hour, he was discovered to be concerned in mal-practices, which led to his exposure and subsequent expulsion from the profession. He was not, however, without money, although he had lost his fame, and agreeing with Falstaff that honour was a sort of slippery unsubstantial companion, he consoled himself for having cut its acquaintance, and became a soldier. In his new capacity he determined to shine, and, in order to set all competition completely at defiance, he began to study and practice—not the eighteen manœuvres, nor the science of tactics, nor the act of war, nor yet any of those matters which form the common course of military men : no,—he cut out for himself an original plan of education, and, after devoting some weeks of close application to put himself in proper trim, he started, as suddenly and gloriously, as *a pedestrian* ! According to the regular mode of proceeding, a military man might sigh for distinction, during a thirty years service, without effect ; he might expose himself to difficulties without parallel ; fight innumerable battles, and, after all, be compelled vainly to recapitulate his

“ hair-breadth scapes,
And imminent dangers, i' th' deadly breach.

he might point to his wounds from morning to night, and ineffectually ask, “ *date obolum Belisario* ;” but our gallant captain formed juster ideas of glory, he remembered that there were other fields besides those of battle, and considered that a quick march in his own country for a bet of some few hundreds, was a less dangerous service than to beat up an enemy's quarters ; and that in the world's estimation, and that of his fellow officers, the glory of winning a wager equalled that of winning a

battle. These considerations had a powerful influence upon his conduct, and while some, like Lord Wellington and our departed Nelson were weak enough "to seek the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth," he copied the glorious example of Barclay, and by a match against hoary time, established himself as a gentleman of spirit and talents, and one who could be admitted without disparaging the company into fashionable society.

About this time, however, his tailor, after vainly soliciting the payment of a debt which was long over due, troubled this fashionable buck with a writ, and the harpies of the law were so thoughtless of the captain's fine feelings, or so cruel in their dispositions, that they laid violent hands upon him in the Tavistock Hotel, and conveyed the hero to a spunging house, whence he was liberated by the most mean and pitiful supplications and promises that ever disgraced the lips of a man.

It was about this period that our hero was ordered abroad, a regulation which to him proved a source of the highest gratification, since it enabled him to avoid the due discharge of his debts, which were pretty numerous and pressing. At Anacoa he made himself conspicuous by his gallantry when contending with a bottle, and his reluctance to fight with any other foe. At Madeira, he turned wine-merchant, and, on his recal to England, imported with himself a few hogsheads of the best beverage which the cellars of Gordon and Duff could produce. His appearance amidst his old friends was hailed with unaffected joy by the pugilists, pedestrians, and blacklegs of Jackson's academy, who flattered themselves with the hope of drawing largely on his pocket for the stock they added to his vanity. His finances, however, were extremely reduced, and, after lodging his wines in different cellars to elude the vigilance of his hawk-eyed creditors, he set about the maturation of some scheme which might gain him at once wealth, patronage, and immortality.

He vainly cogitated the subject for some time: but the affair of the commander in chief and Mrs. Clarke happily

relieved him from his mental embarrassment; and his speculative brain suggested the idea of raising himself into condition by means of some catch-penny tale which might savour of authenticity, and which might pretend to throw light on the most mysterious parts of this connection. He accordingly prepared and matured a publication, and having long sought for a printer made of better materials than the community; viz. one who united in his composition fine taste and judgment, he pitched upon, *credat Judæus*—MR. GILLET!! To Mr. Gillett, he forthwith repaired, and laid before him the precious *morceau* of genius, the manuscript which was to repair the fortune of the one, and raise the fame of the other. The result of this interview, which, in the captain's estimation, proved the printer to be a man of "fine taste and judgment," I shall give in his own words.—"Ecod, sir, he was delighted, electrified, absolutely struck dumb! Sir, said he, this will do; this will do; this is well-written; nothing equal to it has been produced since the days of Burke! It is Burke's style; his short periods; his energy; his correctness; his sweetness and force. This will sell, sir—it will do, depend upon it." It may be superfluous to add, that the printer became a party concerned, and determined to give credit to his new customer, rather than that this second Burke should remain in obscurity. This point being carried, the captain commenced printing with the utmost rapidity; at the same time, employing several engines to convey to government a terrific account of the exposures he was about to make, and how they might all be prevented if a good bribe were held out to the author of this explosive article. The work was still-born; stifled in its birth; but not I apprehend from the cause assigned by its author, who to this hour struts about and tells how ministers trembled, and how ministers found out his printer, and in a paroxysm of terror paid him for the printing, &c. "*all in the lump*;" but in their paroxysm also, they forgot one very material circumstance which was *to give the author any thing for his trouble and talents*. "I might," said the captain,

"have touched ten thousand pounds if I had asked for it." Oh! what a misery it is to be cursed with this leaden, hope destroying diffidence!

It may be well to pause here for a moment to contemplate the advantages which must accrue to the literary world, if printers were in general such men as Mr. Gillett, who can discern the spirit of Burke in short periods, and can foresee, from the superficial perusal of a manuscript, to a certainty what will be its fate. Such taste and genius, are, however, rarely to be found in the hemisphere of a printing office, except when exotic talent ventures there, with faltering steps and downcast eye, to commit its early fragrance to the world. And how frequently do these sons of science meet with severe rebuffs from the ignorance of printers and their insolence; but with Mr. Gillett the case is far otherwise; "he," to use the captain's words, "appears to have nothing of the pitiful tradesman about him;" oh! no; genius never entered his printing-office to meet with the biting insults of cold disdain; his liberality to literature is only equalled by the liberality of good-fortune to him, in throwing into his way so many opportunities of scandalizing others and filling his own pockets, and in extricating him from so many disagreeable dilemmas, into some of which it is but strict justice to say he was most meritedly plunged.

But to acquit Mr. Gillett; for although Mr. Gillett is such a liberal, very good sort of a man, he is of too little real consequence to any one to attract much notice; and therefore, leaving printers and printing-offices, I shall return to the son of "Mars, Bacchus, Apollo;" for the gallant captain, although he was a soldier and writer united, was not satisfied until he blended in his character that of the *bon vivant*. His diffidence, at the critical moment of all others when it ought not to have shown itself, had prevented him from making a fortune, and he found himself just as far from wealth and fame as he had been before he saw Mr. Gillett. He determined, therefore, as soon as he recovered his presence of mind, to endeavour

to atone for his past remissness, and to remind the government how much they were indebted to him. From this moment, he perplexed all the members of administration, from the commander in chief to the first lord of the treasury, with letters explanatory of the liberality with which he had acted towards them, and intreating that this liberality of behaviour might be met with a corresponding conduct on their side. Men in power, notwithstanding he pointed out to them so clearly the conduct they ought to adopt, appeared, nevertheless, deaf to his applications, and ultimately left him to seek for money and consolation in some new speculation. Even his illustrious patron the commander in chief, who, if the captain is to be believed, is always ready to back his *protege's* pedestrian talents against those of any other man in the united kingdom, seems to have a much higher opinion of his walking than his writing, for he never once condescended to say, "Here, Captain, I have known your ill-usage, and out of my desire to serve you, and my respect for your *understanding*, I will place you on my household establishment." This, indeed, was precisely the situation in which the captain sought to be placed, and it was cruel, exceedingly cruel, in the illustrious personage alluded to, not to take his wants into consideration, without giving him the pain to ask, in order that he might endure the mortification of a refusal. Notwithstanding this neglect, however, the captain considers his interest more than his feelings, and suppresses the latter altogether, since the former urges him to silence. He still talks of his "great friend" with the same warmth as before, feels the same confidence in his condescending friendship, and whenever he mentions him, never fails to add, "Upon my soul, the duke is a good fellow."

The pride of the captain, however, was not humbled by the defeat of his efforts to attract the notice of government; on the contrary, it appeared to rise in proportion to his ill success; and an appointment he received of *aid-de-camp* to the governor of one of our West India

islands raised his consequence to the highest pitch imaginable. He now assumed the name and rank of colonel, introduced himself into new circles, and becoming implicated in some affairs of gallantry, was considered the very hero of amour. His adventures were not conducted withal so prudently as they ought; and in the autumn of the last year, he was constrained by a combination of embarrassments, to seek an obscure lodging, where it was far from being probable that his enemies would be able to trace him. Here in the cottage of a poor widow, he received visits from his fair friends, and remained secluded from others; and here he projected a new publication, to repair his shattered finances, and to place him at the pinnacle of fame. After much trouble and assistance he matured his new undertaking, and launched his literary skiff on the ocean of public opinion; confident that the *spirit and talents of Burke* would suffice to make it surmount all the difficulties and disadvantages (and these were of no light nor inconsiderable nature) which it had to encounter. The sequel, alas! has once more been fatal to his glorious cause: without system, without experience, without ability for the task, he has endeavoured, for a few months, to amuse the world with his hints and inuendos, his mysterious allusions to things which never were, and his erroneous conceptions of those that are; and now, when his readers begin to fall under a surfeit of misconception, misinterpretation, perversion, and nonsense, he rapidly decays, and the general contempt of his production consigns it to destruction, "as the ocean sweeps the laboured mole away."

He is now seldom seen in the streets, except when like the owl he ventures forth, under the cover of imperfect light, to the most obscure haunts he can find, where without fear of interruption from sheriff's officers or angry husbands, he may receive due reports of the events of the day, and with his confidential servant, (alike the master and the man!) may strike out some new method of "raising the wind," and some fresh scheme for the sale

of his monotonous production, as well as for his own personal security. His visits at the War Office are not so convenient as formerly, for his fears are too great to allow him to venture abroad ; and this terror has so infected his servant, that he also suspects every man that looks at him of some sinister design upon his person.

His career has thus proved unproductive, except in disgrace and poverty ; yet this consideration should not prevent other young military heroes from treading in his steps, since fortune behaves not with equal unkindness to all. Pedestrian honors and the fame of gallantry are less dangerous, except in a few rare instances, than a military course ; and the *soi-disant* colonel, although he is under a cloud, when he calls to mind his past achievements may cry out,

“ *Palmam, qui meruit, ferat.*”

C.

ON THE DEPRAVATION OF NATIONAL MORALS.

THE animated eulogium of Mr. Walsh on the English character, as compared with that of the other nations of the world, deserves equal praise for its eloquence and its truth : but while we are peculiarly distinguished even by our enemies as a moral people, it may not be useless to enquire whether our progress in those virtues that contribute to national happiness be progressive or retrograde, and whether our improvements, as compared with ourselves, be as decided as our superiority over every rival people.

For our own parts we are decidedly of opinion that the present age surpasses in degree and variety of wickedness all that have preceded it ; that the sum of national virtue and domestic happiness is considerably diminished ; that the influence of rational religion on the

minds of men is gradually declining : and that those feelings of personal honour and of social sensibility, which once pervaded the bosoms of men who performed the duties of good citizens from the impulse of sentiment rather than the dictates of reason and virtue, are nearly extinguished. But as observations of this kind are numbered among the common-places of morality, we shall enter into a short detail of the grounds on which our opinion has been formed.

The collective virtue of a nation is in proportion to the sum of its domestic felicity. When men are detached from their homes at an early period of life, and left to struggle with temptation at a distance from their friends and kindred, it will seldom be found that their habits are regular, or their principles correct. In the bustle of multitudes, the milder virtues are overwhelmed : the habitual sense of decorum, which is the natural result of domestic intercourse is obliterated ; each individual, unconscious of any inquiring eye, overawed by no fear of observation from those whose good opinion he would wish to preserve or conciliate, at first indulges in pleasures to which the chief allurements is the facility of enjoying them without observation, and afterwards perseveres in fruitless efforts to fill up by irregular gratification that "craving void" which has been left unoccupied by the endearments of domestic bliss.

It is chiefly by the habits of domestic life that the virtuous affections are cherished and preserved. It is in the family parlour of the middle classes that morality holds her court, and that religion reigns with mild but powerful influence. The relations of father and brother not only impose duties on the individual inconsistent with the practice of outrageous vice, but sway the feelings of the heart, and soothe the soul to habitual virtue. But our youth are now torn from the bosoms of their friends in their infant years to venture on the voyage of life, before their principles are confirmed, or their discretion is matured. Far removed from the observation of

all whom they have been accustomed to love or reverence, exposed to every variety of temptation, and placed in situations more favourable to the diffusion of vicious principles than to the confirmation of those moral impressions with which they entered into the world.

Now whoever contemplates the accession of colonial territory that we have obtained within the last forty years, and observes the peculiarity of the tenure by which much of it is held, must perceive to what an extent the peace of domestic life has been invaded even from these causes alone, and by what innumerable drains our venile population of the country is drawn from domestic life and from their country. Our Indian colonies are not like those which we once held in America, the seat of domestic establishments: few of the individuals who go out to the former, remain much longer than is necessary to the acquisition of the means of returning with credit to their own country. A youth of seventeen is not likely to improve in morality by a residence in India; and he returns to England not merely with habits totally inimical to domestic happiness, but with manners and propensities *positively* and evidently dangerous to the virtue of the circle in which his fortune enables him to move. It is not less true than lamentable, that one half of those young men, who had they remained at home would have passed through life the comfort of their families, the benefactors of their neighbourhood, and the examples of morality, are sent out to India, at the age of puberty: and that of these unhappy beings, one half are killed by the climate and debauchery; the rest come back with all the vices of the east, with broken constitutions, and with habits destructive of their own peace and injurious to society.

The population of the metropolis is increased in more than a treble proportion to the population of the country. The pursuits of rural and provincial life are forsaken for professions in which all are miserable, and few successful. The *promise* of a family must now be sent to

London, to see a little of the world: detached from his friends, he indulges in pleasure without restraint, and if fortune do not befriend him in the metropolis, he returns to his family with the habits of a rake and the feelings of a misanthrope. But supposing that he is able to resist temptation, he cannot have escaped the usual effects of an *isolated* residence in a great city: from a generous, open-hearted youth, he is changed into an egotist, and his social feelings are subdued by distrust, jealousy, and selfishness.

The habits and the mode of thinking, therefore, so prevalent in town, are diffused through the provinces. The good old habits of Englishmen are gradually declining; the distinctions of rank are become every day less and less observable; hospitality has given place to suspicion, and the cold formalities of ceremonious distrust have succeeded to frankness of intercourse and innocence of manners. Every small town of which neither the trade nor the population is increased, is blest with an attorney; quackery preys on the indiscretion of its inhabitants, and comfort forsakes their homes at the approach of luxury.

It is impossible to revisit the distant counties without being struck by the depravation of national manners, and without feeling how widely the sophisticated habits and mercenary passions have extended their influence. A traveller to the lakes is no longer received with admiring but hospitable courtesy: the peasant looks on every stranger with an eye of suspicion, and the country gentleman denies him access to his grounds. The first emotions of kindness are repressed by the wary coldness of distrust, and that welcome which would a few years ago have been granted to the stranger, is now denied even to the gentleman, till they have ascertained the identity of his person, and the extent of his finances.

That the morals of the metropolis are in a state of depravation rather than improvement may naturally be concluded from the increase of its size and population. In a city of which the inhabitants amount to one million, the

sum of wickedness is likely, *a priori*, to be more than double that of another city, containing only half the number of people; and this remark will apply to London more particularly than to any other city of equal magnitude. The proportion of unmarried persons is greater in the metropolis of England than in any foreign capital. The habits of men are therefore less regular, their pursuits less certain, and the temptations by which they are assailed more numerous. If it be admitted, indeed, that London is more corrupt than the country, its very extension, independent of these considerations, is a proof of national depravation: a dozen city clerks would be able to conceive more wickedness in a day than a dozen husbandmen would become acquainted with in their journey from the cradle to the grave; and as the former class increases in a ten-fold proportion to the latter, what limits can we assign to the progress of immorality?

But perhaps it may be urged, that the progress of immorality in one direction, has been counteracted by the gradual advance of virtue in another; and that if the sources of corruption have multiplied, the influence of knowledge and religion has been more than proportionably extended. But if this be true, how can it be ascertained? and while its supporters do not appeal to the evidence of facts, we have a right to deny the truth of their position. We know that the churches are deserted, and that a majority of our population are infidels or fanatics; and it is the duty of those who preach the comfortable doctrine of national improvement, to demonstrate that this has always been the case, or that there are among us a few individuals of virtue so transcendent, that their goodness more than counterbalances the general depravity. Now we will not admit that our bishops are more holy or our judges more upright than they were seventy years ago, and at that time neither Paine had written, nor Wesley exhorted.

One great cause of our national corruption is the diffusion of French manners and principles. We have imbibed all the sophistries of sentiment, and all the licentiousness

of principle, by which our enemies were once peculiarly distinguished: the sacrifice of the social affections to personal gratification is the governing principle of *their* pursuits: whatever vices are the most inimical to the domestic virtues, they cherish with peculiar care; and all their efforts are directed to the extirpation of those habitual impressions of religion, of filial affection, and social benevolence that nature has implanted or education matured. Sexual profligacy, in particular, they applaud as in the highest degree meritorious; a disregard of all the ties of family connection, and insensibility to all the generous feelings of our nature are exemplified in their daily actions and discourse. To marry for convenience, to regard the person whom you call by the name of friend as a *useful instrument*, and to regret the loss of reputation, only as it is accompanied by pecuniary inconvenience, are the peculiar characteristics of a modern man of the world: the Bible is with him a funny collection of old stories; his sisters are good pieces, his mother an *old snuffy*, and his father a stingy old grave-airs, who might as well *kick the bucket*, and leave his fortune to a man of spirit. The external decencies of conduct, and the sense of personal dignity are no longer observed or retained—vicissitude is borne with indifference, and the most degrading acts of meanness confessed without a blush. To be arrested every day, or to be in prison every two years would about fifty years ago have broken the heart of the individual himself, and have humbled his family to the dust. But accidents of this kind are now too trifling to be mentioned, and nothing is more common or more reputable than for a *gentleman* to live in prison on the property of his creditors.

The ancient satirists have observed, that the virtue of a people may be estimated by the degree of reverence they display to the obligation of an oath. The prevalence of perjury amongst *us*, is too notorious to be disputed: scarcely a session occurs at the Old Bailey, in which more than a dozen witnesses do not forswear themselves. Nor

is this crime, horrible as it is, peculiar to the lower and unprivileged orders of society: it appears from the best authority, that our clergy have been for many years in the habitual practice of deliberate perjury. I shall mention, (says Mr. Wellesley Pole*) *one very extraordinary circumstance. Every clergyman before he can be inducted to a living in Ireland must take an oath, that he either does keep a school, or that he will keep one in the town in which he lives. Yet it had so happened that not a single clergyman had ever kept a school there, but had settled the matter by giving forty shillings a year, or some small sum to a schoolmaster to educate the poor.* There is nothing more infamous than this in the history of mankind; but the letters of Dr. O'Meara, and the conduct of poor infatuated Beazely, afford sufficient evidence of clerical depravity.

That in proportion as men become wise they advance in virtue, is a position which, to a certain extent, the preceding observations have a tendency to refute; and a cursory review of the comparative progress of other nations in knowledge and morality, will not diminish the force of their application. When were the inhabitants of France more enlightened, or when more profligate? There is scarcely a branch of learning in which they do not excel, yet they are the passive slaves of a usurper; there is not a science which they have not cultivated with success, yet they are the opprobrium of mankind, the victims of every vicious propensity, and every unmanly passion. The Romans under the government of Augustus could look back with just contempt on the ignorance of their ancestors, yet what æra of Roman virtue outshone the splendor of the age of Romulus?

* See his speech, in the Courier of May 16th, 1811.

ON THE ADULTERATION OF MEDICINES, AND THE RELIGION OF QUACKS.

SIR,

YOUR Tables of Quackery are evidently drawn up by some one who is well acquainted both with practical pharmacy, and with the various modes of chemical analysis. I have myself examined several of the nostras he has enumerated, and in more than one instance have had an opportunity of seeing the original recipe, and have found in both cases his account of their composition to be correct. The tables are not less useful, and do not appear less extraordinary to the regular pharmacopolists than to the uninitiated reader: the truth is, that even on the articles sold to apothecaries, the profit of the chemist is from two hundred to one thousand pounds per cent. and the former are therefore unable to estimate the real cost of any quack medicine.

While you are thus severe, however, on the fraternity of quacks, it becomes your duty to lay open a much more extensive source of disease, and much more unprincipled modes of pecuniary fraud, than the sale of nostrums. The skill of the physician is of little avail, if in nine cases out of ten, the medicines that he prescribes are so far adulterated as to be inefficacious or pernicious; and it will appear from the following statements that whether the drugs be supplied directly from the chemist, or indirectly through the medium of the apothecary, no reliance can be placed on their being either harmless or genuine.

Before I proceed, however, to a detail of the various modes of adulteration, it is necessary to make a few observations on the carelessness with which medicines are dispersed and compounded at the retail chemists, and on the extent of their profits. Instead of the preparation of prescriptions being confided to those assistants who have completed their apprenticeship, they are frequently committed to some thoughtless, idle, or uneducated boy, who is equally inaccurate in his weights and measures, unac-

quainted with medical abbreviations, and slovenly in his mode of dispensation. When a prescription therefore is sent to be prepared, it is not unlikely that he may mistake hydrargyrus mur. mit. for hydrarg. mur. or corrosive sublimate for calomel; that rather than take the trouble of weighing ten grains of scammony he may throw in a pinch between his finger and thumb; and that he may beat up the pills in a mortar of which the bottom is covered with verdigrease. Circumstances of this kind occur daily and hourly, and their effects are usually ascribed to the operation of the disease itself, or to the impropriety of the prescription.

The charges are not regulated by the fortune of the patient, but by the form and quantity of the medicine. A four ounce bottle is charged from 2s. 6d. to 4s. should it only contain a few grains of white vitriol; half a scruple of salt petre, half a dram of spirit of lavender, and a moderate quantity of water, costs the chemist less than a farthing, and is valued to the patient at half a crown. The common profits of the shop, indeed, independent of prescriptions, though they may not be unfair, are certainly too enormous to admit of any excuse for that extensive system of adulteration I am about to develop. Eight hundred per cent. is a moderate profit on the usual articles of a druggist's store-rooms; the retail profit of Glauber's salts is from twelve to sixteen hundred per cent.: and on almost every other article, I have before observed that even in the wholesale trade it is seldom lower than three hundred per cent. When the salts just mentioned cost them 2d. per lb. they are sold to the apothecary at from 6d. to 1s. 6d., and the addition on the 4d. prime cost of a pint of hartshorn is from 1s. to 1s. 8d.

But these are trivial circumstances compared with those that I am about to mention, and which demand in no common degree the interference of the legislature. In another publication, I have called upon the College of Physicians to exercise that power which is vested in them, of subjecting the stock of every druggist within a

mile of the metropolis to annual examination; but as they have not thought proper, even after the details that I laid before them, to perform this act of justice to the public and to themselves, it is necessary that the existence of these abuses should no longer depend on their discretion, and that the deliberate murder of his majesty's subjects should be prevented by the interposition of legislative authority. I very seriously doubt whether more human beings have been killed or disabled since the commencement of the war on the peninsula, by the sword of the enemy, or by the adulterated drugs of these retailers of poison. The evil is unfelt and unseen, and the public can have therefore no suspicion of its magnitude. When a man dies from swallowing manganese, instead of mercury, by whom is the cause of his death to be ascertained, or how can his family discover that the prescription has been improperly prepared, and that he is killed by the villainy of the druggists, and not by the mistake or the ignorance of the physician?

Scarcely a single article that is sold either to the public or the apothecaries, is prepared according to the directions of the Pharmacopeia. Every druggist has his own mode of manufacturing his syrup, his tinctures, his pills, and his electuaries; in all his variations he is influenced solely by two motives, avarice and fear. He wishes to make every compound at as little expence as possible, and yet finds himself obliged to make it bear some resemblance in its sensible properties to the original article. To unite these two objects is the *ne plus ultra* of pharmaceutical perfection. The most ingenious example of this kind is in the common spirit of lavender; which when genuine is an expensive and troublesome article, requiring the process of distillation, &c. The saleable preparation, however, is nothing more than a tincture of Jamaica pepper, coloured with cochineal and salt of tartar; and its smell and taste cannot be distinguished from those of the compound properly prepared.

Venice turpentine (an exusion from the pine,) is manu-

factured by a due admixture of resin, oil of turpentine, and balsam of copaiva. The saleable balsam of copaiva (which in its genuine state distils from an American tree) is compounded of resin, or gum thus, oil of turpentine, olive oil, and a little alkanet, or turmeric root to colour; a little of the genuine balsam is added when the article is to be sent to an intelligent apothecary. Oil of mace (expressed from the mace) is substituted by boiling a little mace and turmeric in suet. Calomel is mixed with arsenic and white lead; red precipitate with red lead; cinabar with red lead; Æthiops mineral (*hydrargyrus sulphuratus niger*) with * * * * † Peruvian bark is mixed with almond powder, or guaiacum wood, gentian, and any colouring material; angustura bark with gentian and turmeric; white precipitate with white lead. *To every ounce of oil of cloves is added two ounces of oil of olives. Oil of origanum is made of oil of rosemary, spirits of wine, and alkanet root. Oil of juniper is adulterated by an equal quantity of oil of turpentine.* If the reader wishes to verify the truth of my assertion respecting the last three articles, let him first procure at Apothecaries Hall the genuine articles, and afterwards send for them to a druggist's shop, selected promiscuously. Now let him to the doubtful oil of origanum add a small quantity of oil of turpentine, and since essential oils mix without becoming turbid, and oil of turpentine is the only essential oil that in its usual state cannot be dissolved by spirit of wine, the mixture will immediately indicate, by losing its transparency, the presence of the alcohol. Again, to the doubtful oil of juniper put any quantity of spirits of wine, and it will immediately dissolve the genuine oil, leaving the oil of turpentine by itself. Thirdly; add alcohol to the oil of cloves, and since it dissolves essential oils, but not expressed ones, it will immediately unite with the genuine oil, leaving behind the oil of olives.

Syrup of violets is either made of red cabbage and orris

† We cannot decypher this part of our correspondent's letter.

root, in which case it soon becomes fetid, or merely of orris root and indigo. This last composition may be distinguished from the genuine, by the addition of vinegar or pot-ash, which will change the colour of the latter from blue to red or green, but produces no effects on the fictitious article. Syrup of poppies is usually made not from the poppies as directed, but by the addition of laudanum to simple syrup. The proportion is necessarily irregular, and a physician who should prescribe syrup of poppies to a restless infant, under an idea that it was prepared according to the Pharmacopeia, might probably sign its death warrant.

Nothing is more frequent than what the chemists call *extemporaneous* pharmacy. As owing to negligence or accident, they are sometimes without any supply of a compound article, if a servant be sent for a small quantity of it they make it while she is waiting, by the hasty admixture of a few ingredients possessing the taste and smell of the genuine medicine. It is usual, for instance, to prepare an ounce of paregoric elixir, by shaking together a little laudanum, a drop of oil of aniseed, and *quantum sufficit* of proof spirit. The proportion of laudanum requisite to produce the same effect as the real paregoric, cannot be ascertained, nor if it could, would the assistant in this hasty mode of dispensation be able correctly to observe it.

So much at present for the serious parts of my accusation, which I will support as opportunity offers by additional disclosures. What I am about to communicate is better calculated to excite a smile, than to raise your indignation. There are a series of traditionary prescriptions handed down from father to son, from the grandmama of queen Anne's days to the sempstress of the present, which among the country people, and among the vulgar in town are looked upon as infallible. These prescriptions usually include a number of articles that were in vogue about a hundred years ago, but are no longer to be found in the shops of the chemist. Amongst articles of this kind are

the bezoar stone, which was once presumed to be a specific against fever. For this they usually substitute prepared chalk. The place of viper's flesh is supplied by saloop, and that of St. John's wort by any convenient powder. The patient returns home with the prescription prepared *secundem artem*—if he dies, his death is ascribed to the inveteracy of the disease; but if he recovers, the virtues of the recipe are of course miraculous!

Perhaps the following statement may afford you and your readers some insight into the present state of our veterinary knowledge, and may give occasion of just alarm to those well-meaning country gentlemen, who confide their favourite horses to the care of common "veterinary surgeons." The most efficacious prescriptions of these gentlemen include various proportions of oil of swallows, oil of St. John's wort, oil of bricks, oil of lilies, &c. &c. Now it so happens that all these *compositions are the same*, and consist entirely of *olive or linsced oil* coloured with verdigrease! Yet our most popular writers on the art of farriery dwell with great delight on the cures performed by these wonder-working medicines.

Before I conclude permit me to call your attention to the circumstances under which the patents for quack medicines are usually obtained. It is necessary that previous to the grant of a patent, the proprietor of the nostrum should deliver in a specification on *oath* of the manner in which it is prepared. Now there is every reason to believe that in nine cases out of ten the persons thus coming forward are guilty of perjury. I have now before me a copy of the specification of *Whitehead's essence of mustard*, in which we are ordered "to take any quantity of the white and brown mustard plant and root, and the white and brown mustard seed, and with water distil therefrom the essential oil. Put the essential oil with an equal quantity of oil of juniper into a retort, and with as gentle a heat as possible draw it over, and keep it very closely stopped." The person who delivered in this recipe must have known that the *essence of mustard* is not prepared as directed,

but that it is a mere tincture of camphor and mustard seed, in oil of turpentine. But if the friend of Johnson and the benefactor of mankind* could not engage in the trade of quackery without forgetting the sanctity of an oath, what can we expect from the Brodums and the Guests?

MEDICUS.

London, June 17th, 1811.

“MACBETH, A TRAGEDY, BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.”

A Critique after the most approved Models.

WE should not have condescended to notice this strange farrago of *diableric*, dullness, and absurdity, had we not been informed that its unfortunate author, whom we would recommend as a fit object of commiseration to the patrons of St. Luke's, was admired by some people as a respectable play-wright! Meanly as we think, however, of the taste of the present age, we cannot persuade ourselves that this performance can be seen or read with complacency by any persons but a few lunatics as disordered in their intellects as Mr. Shakespeare himself, or by one or two of those bottle companions who were whilome his associates in the noble profession of deer-stealing, and now besiege him in the character of parasites. Had this been a first production, indeed, there might have been some hopes of his improvement; but we all remember his former endeavours at humour or sublimity. With him to hide a knight in a bucking-basket is the very quintessence of wit, and a heroine never looks so lovely as when she travels four thousand miles a day in the habit of a strapping grenadier; his last effort however was the most entertaining—by way of exciting our

* Dr. James, whose specification of his fever powders is untrue.

sympathy, and melting us to tears, he very politely introduced on the stage a decent looking negro in the act of smothering his wife between the bed-clothes ! To some of the audience even *this* was sufficiently amazing, but the tragedy of Macbeth presents us with much more striking instances of the sublime and beautiful.

Scene the first opens with the entrance of three *witches*, though, if we may judge by their conduct and behaviour, a word that rhymes to *witches* would be much more expressive of their characters.* After one of these ladies has asked a few questions, and another has informed us that a battle which is lost by one party must be won by the other†, the first of them hastens away at the *call* of her *cal†*; a piece of absurdity for which the author deserves to be *catcalled*. As they all rise into the air they sing a chorus, in which they assure us that “foul is fair, and fair is foul§,” a wonderful discovery, for which we are much indebted to Mr. Shakespeare. Scene the second is remarkable for nothing but the introduction of a fellow named Ross, who talks about ten thousand dollars: we should like to know whether they were legal coin, or merely bank tokens. Scene the third: we are again introduced to the three witches; one of them has been killing swine, the second intends to sail to Aleppo in a sieve, and the third promises a wind. The author himself deserves to be *blown*, for he is deucedly *long-winded*. In the course

-
- * 1st Witch. When shall we three meet again,
If thunder, lightning, hail, and rain ?
2d Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.†
3d Witch. That will be e'er set of sun.
1st Witch. Where the place ?
2d Witch. Upon the heath.
3d Witch. Then I go to meet Macbeth.
1st Witch. I come, I come, Grimalkin.‡
2d Witch. Padarke calls--Anon !
All the Witches. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,§
Hover thro' fog, and filthy air.
(They rise from the stage and fly away.)

of their conversation an eye-brow is elegantly denominated a *pent-house lid*; *nine times nine* is wittily substituted for *eighty-one*, and we are informed (most wonderful discovery!) that *three times three* make up nine. Now it very fortunately happens that Macbeth, the hero of this *serious* tragedy, should with his companion Banquo take their way through the very path by which the weird sisters had placed themselves. Here the first witch makes another of those extraordinary discoveries, of which our author is so fertile in the invention, and assures Banquo that he is both lesser than Macbeth and greater. The second witch is resolved not to be outdone, and tells him that he shall not be so happy, yet much happier. The third of these fair ladies is wiser than either of her sisters, and informs him that he shall *get* kings though he be none. Now *some* writers would have remembered that “want of decency is want of sense;” but Mr. Shakespeare is superior to all such petty considerations, and, resolved to shew that one of these females at least was not an old maid, represents her as acquainted with the mysteries of procreation. After all, however, we would suggest that “thou shalt *become the father of kings*,” would be a very creditable emendation.

We are next favored with a discovery in natural philosophy. Banquo declares (upon his honor, we presume) that the earth hath bubbles as the water has: we are then told of a root that is not only insane,* but that acts occasionally the part of a tipstaff; and the scene concludes by the entry of Ross and Angus, whom Banquo is unable to recognize, though they are his most intimate friends.

But we must now hasten to Inverness, where lady Macbeth is *reading a letter*. This *noble dame* is neither more nor less than a scold and a virago—she talks about the valour of her tongue, and indeed before the conclusion of the play the reader is pretty weary of her clack. As Macbeth is at the

* Or have we eaten of the *insane root*
That takes the reason prisoner?

moment of her first soliloquy at least a hundred miles from Inverness, she asks him in a gentle whisper to "hie him thither." We doubt whether any of Virgil's furies, or Mrs. Fane herself could be heard so far. She discourses learnedly about fate and metaphysic aid, and would no doubt be very entertaining if we could understand her.

We have often heard the homely couplet,

"All women wish, but sure no woman can,
"To be that dear delightful creature man;"

but we did not expect to have it verified in the person of a dramatic heroine. Yet, strange to say, Lady Macbeth wishes* to be *unsex'd*, and to be filled from top to toe, not with the balm of life, but with a new kind of liquor, called *direst cruelty*. She then begins to rave†; talks of heaven peeping through a blanket; fancies that knives have eyes: and tells her husband, on his entering that *she feels the future in the instant*. With due submission we should suppose that such a speech would have become the nuptial couch better than the stage.

Scene the eighth opens with informing us that "*where-e'er the martlet breeds, the air is delicate*." It is not every tragical hero that understands natural history! Scene the ninth‡; Macbeth sagaciously doubts whether a thing *is done, when it is done*; we are then§ entertained with an

* Come all you spirits

That lend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe, top full
Of direst cruelty.

† ————— Come thick night

And pull thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That thy keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep thro' the blanket of the deep,
To cry Hold! Hold!

‡ If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.—

§ ————— That but this blow

Might be the *be-all*, and the *end-all* here;
Here only on this bank, and shoal of time
We'd jump the life to come.

account of a *blow*, which blow is a *be-all* and an *end-all*, terms that we do not understand. The life to come is represented as a ditch, though we should suppose that it had more resemblance to a sea. We next * meet with a new personification of pity, who is metamorphosed into a naughty little boy, riding bare-breeched astride the wind, and as the wind is drowned immediately after we are afraid that Master Pity perishes with it.

The first three scenes of Act 2, are most horrible! Macbeth is resolved to murder Duncan, but not thinking it necessary to starve himself, he takes care to order his evening posset. Scarcely has he told the servant to go to bed, when there appears before him the ghost of a dagger!† He is, of course, terribly alarmed, and raves about the *ravishing strides*‡ of Tarquin: though we believe that it was not with his *strides*, that he ravished Lucretia. After some more nonsense about “prating stones,”§ (for in this tragedy even the scenery is endowed with miraculous powers) and about the wolf, and murder, and witchcraft, and bloody business, this moon struck-hero makes a precipitate retreat.

The dreadful deed is now committed, and, strange to say! the *murdered* monarch is discovered to be *dead*. Macduff

* And pity like a naked new-born babe
Striding the blast, a heaven's cherubin hors'd
Upon the sightless courser of the sky,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye
That *tears* shall drown the *wind*.

† Is that a dagger which I see before me, &c. &c.

‡ Now o'er one half the world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep. Now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and withered murder
(Alarum'd by his sentinel the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch), thus with his stealthy pace
With *Tarquin's ravishing strides*, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sound and firm set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

§ The very *stones prate* of my whereabouts.

very civilly requests the person to whom he communicates the intelligence, *to destroy his sight with a new Gorgon*. It does not appear, however, that Lenox complies with his advice, as he afterwards appears on the stage without exhibiting any symptoms of blindness. Scene the sixth introduces more wonders to our view. A falcon is killed by an owl, and horses eat each other! Now really Euripides and Sophocles and Eschylus were all cleverish fellows, but we do not remember that they were reduced to any such expedients. Act 3d. Scene 2. we are entertained with a long recapitulation of every thing that the audience has already witnessed.

In the productions of other tragedians, there is some distinction of persons, and some observation of propriety. But Mr. Shakespeare, forsooth! is an original genius, and he has therefore made his heroine a somnambulist, and introduces a "doctor of physic" to her "gentlewoman," at the convenient hour of three in the morning. But it is vain to continue the analysis of a drama in which the most bewitching of the female personages are the weird sisters, and one half of the dramatis personæ are ghosts.

It only remains, therefore, to point out the general defects under which Mr. Shakespeare more peculiarly labours. And in the first place we would object that his heroes are merely men, and that his heroines have too much resemblance to women. He has not, throughout the whole series of his dramas, been able to display either a lord or a lady that has not some of the weaknesses of mortality. His warriors eat and sleep, and his orators converse in language neither turgid nor obscure. Now these things are so contrary to the established practice of our most popular writers, that we cannot but admire both the folly and the presumption of this new adventurer in the field of literature. We venture to prophesy that if he thus continues to mistake the natural for the pleasing, and to put language into the mouth of his heroic characters so expressive as to delight the learned, yet so simple

as to please the ignorant, the period will arrive when the neighing of a horse shall be more attractive than the most exquisite passage in *Macbeth*.

He has a mortal antipathy to italics and notes of admiration. By some strange perversion of understanding, he disdains to derive poetical energy from the ingenuity of his printer, and supposes that interjections are sometimes more indicative of the author's stupidity, than productive of effect on the feelings of the reader. Oh! and alas! very seldom occur twenty times in a page, his soliloquies never begin with *sweet sensibility!* or *precious tears!* and his puns are *left to be discovered* by those who take pleasure in the "reciprocations of verbal pleasantry."

But he has committed a still more unfortunate error, in making all his characters appear as if they really felt the passions by which he describes them to be agitated. Even where he introduces a misplaced and incongruous metaphor, it seldom interrupts the stream of dialogue, or deteriorates its spirit. Now it is sufficiently evident that to enjoy all the pleasure that can be derived from a play composed on principles such as these, it is not necessary to attend the theatre. The language of real passion can be heard in the usual intercourse of society. Love and anger, joy and hatred are to be seen in all their varieties at our own habitations. But when we visit the play-house we expect to hear and see something different from the usual routine of common life, and it is necessary therefore that all the personages of a tragedy should be on stilts, and that they should express themselves in language as far removed from every-day simplicity as the powers of the author are adequate to invent.

MR. M——, OF THE HAYMARKET.

THE perverseness of vulgar pride, and the insolence of upstart folly, have seldom been more strikingly exem-

plified than in the conduct and character of the person whom we now introduce to the notice of our readers. He is most unfortunately expert at rendering himself obnoxious and contemptible: his intimate associates equally despise his vanity and detest his selfishness, and in his intercourse with strangers his manners are foppishly vulgar and boisterously impertinent.

From us indeed he should not have received even a smile of contempt, or a word of reprobation, had we not participated in that sympathy which has long been felt by the theatrical world, for the situation of a man of genius and worth, whose benevolence towards Mr. M. has been repaid not only by negative ingratitude, but by the most positive acts of personal hostility. To that gentleman he is not only allied by marriage, but has been indebted for his education, and for the means of raising himself from a state of servitude; and by his bounty he was enabled to obtain the very power which he now employs to aggravate his distresses and prolong his embarrassments.

He first became known to the performers as an errand-boy at Covent-garden; he was afterwards engaged as a box-keeper at the Haymarket. His sister came occasionally to see him, and Mr. C. was so much struck with her beauty and good sense, that overlooking the meanness of her origin, he offered her his hand. After the marriage it became the first object of his wishes to do something for his brother-in-law, and he supplied him with money till he obtained him a situation in the Horse Guards, Young M. was now changed from a dirty, mean-looking caricature of a serving-man, to an awkward fop, and took every occasion of proclaiming the aggrandizement of his family, to whatever society he honoured with his presence. His discourse was interlarded with appeals to the opinions and details of the conversation of his new relation. If a good thing was said at table it reminded him "of a devilish neat *bon mot* of his brother-in-law Mr. Colman;" if a new play was coming out, "his brother George had told him all about it!" Even his hair was cut *à la Colman*; if

the manager wore leather breeches, so did Mr. Morris ; if the former applied a little sticking plaister to a pimple, the face of the latter was immediately ornamented with a patch. The author of the *Heir at Law* was afflicted with corns, and Mr. Morris limped as naturally as his master.

He might have still continued to exhibit himself as a *living* caricature, had not the generosity of his brother-in-law overpowered his discretion. He not only enabled him to purchase a share of the house on terms more than usually advantageous, but assisted him in obtaining the purchase money. M. had no sooner completed his bargain than he began to fancy himself a man of consequence, and resolved to commence the gentleman on his own account. He therefore laid aside his imitative attitudes, and with the aid of a teacher of manners in Whitechapel, was soon transformed into an *original coxcomb*.

To detail the various acts of ingratitude that have distinguished his career would be tedious to many of our readers, and perhaps injurious not only to Mr. C. but to the other proprietors of the concern. His great object, however, has been to remove the former gentleman from the situation of manager, and to harass the proceedings of Mr. Winston. In both these objects he has failed : he is now obliged to be content with harmless vapping, and with the petty gratification of attending once or twice in a morning at the box-office to bully his servants, and display his importance to the menials who surround them. But ambition is sometimes disappointed, and though he is careful to let every one know that he is manager of the Haymarket, we have not heard that he has ever been mistaken for a gentleman.

GENTLEMEN TRAVELLERS AND VIRTUOSI.

SIR,

I AM happy to find that the specimen of cockney tourism which I transmitted to you in April has excited the emulation of more than one distinguished member of the common council. An alderman and ironmonger, who is about to visit Birmingham for the purpose of purchasing a new stock of cutlery ware, intends on his return to favor the world with a history of his travels. I have no doubt, Sir, that we shall be delighted by his lucubrations; that the fire of his imagination will burn as bright as his patent registers, that his witticisms will be keen as a razor, and that if the critics do not receive his production with due complacency, the old fable of the pot and the kettle will be exemplified. If this spirit of literary adventure pervade the worthy citizens to any considerable degree, we may expect to have a collection of the most *spirited* bacchanalian songs from some poetical brandy merchant. Mr. Congou, the grocer, will favor us with some *sweet* effusions of the fancy; Mr. Spruce will convince us that he is not less expert at metrical *measures* than in the use of the yard-wand; Mr. Hoby will favor us with a description of *Morocco*, that shall prove him not to be the *last* of travellers; Mr. Allen will demonstrate that he is no *goose*, by writing a natural history of *cabbage*; and Dr. Senate will employ his time to his own honor, and with advantage to the public, in preparing a philosophical analysis of the language of *ducks*.

But were I to proceed much further in this manner, you might probably be disposed to *pun-ish* my propensity to *punning* by throwing my communication into the fire. The truth, Sir, is, that there is an unfortunate fellow called Theodore Hook, who never opens his mouth without outtophamising Topham. An odd fish of my acquaintance, whom he invited to play a cool rubber, having been assured that he had left off his bad habits, we swallowed the *bait*, but had scarcely sat down to supper before we found that

we were most egregious *gudgeons*. He is as inveterate a punster as ever ; and such is the force of imitation that I can never put pen to paper without stringing together a collection of heterogeneous puns with as *much rapidity* as *Swift*.

The subjoined MS. is extracted, Sir, from the portfolio of the same gentleman who has already appeared in your pages, as a versifier and letter-writer. More successful than the common race of tourists, he died at the age of seventy-five of a surfeit of venison ; he was a knight of the Thistle, and of the Russian order of St. Joachim, the confidential correspondent of three crowned heads, a member of the antiquarian society, and a doctor of laws. Irreparable, Sir, is the loss of so great a man ; but as consolation to the public mind for the shock it has sustained, let us hope that the pages of the SCOURGE will be occasionally devoted to the celebration of his memory.

ORLANDO SODO.

“ Sketches of a journey from the garret to the kitchen, and through the back-door into the garden by a *new and unfrequented route*.* With an elevation of that curious appendage to a stair-case, called a bannister, *fac-similes* of several unknown inscriptions on the wall, a plan and elevation of the boggoi, a representation of a curious sneck, direct view of an iron candlestick, and several other beautiful engravings. By Sir Anthony Everard Pigeon.

“ Aroused by the brilliance of the solar luminary, which peeped through the windows of my apartment, I could not avoid reflection on the dignity of man. For him the sun revolves in his majestic course ; for him the vast system of created light rolls breathless to eternity ; as night approaches, day declines ; unless the moon or the stars diffuse their light, we are left in all the obscurity of darkness : and either unwilling or unable to prolong his watch, by the guidance of the midnight candle, the wearied lord

* N. B. This always means by a route travelled every day, and open to every one.

of the universe reposes on his couch, or if fortune has denied him the luxury of a bed, reclines along the floor. In the morning, unless he prefer to prolong his hour of prostrate luxuriance, he rises with the sun as I have done this morning, and probably arrays himself in his best habiliments.

“The scene was picturesque! In one corner of the apartment a spiderian weaver was setting an example to mankind of early industry. His web was spun with art and regularity. *Mem.* Silk is woven at Lyons—who has not heard of Persian silk? A Frenchman endeavoured about twenty years ago to manufacture gloves from the webs I have alluded to, but it was discovered that more than 8000 spiders were required to the manufacture of a single glove. Now, calculating that each spider eats ten grains of bread a day, and was subsisted by the projector for five months, or one hundred and fifty days previous to the completion of the experiment; the expence (bread being at 2d. a pound) would be nearly 13l. the price of half a pair of gloves. But I beg pardon of the learned reader for this digression. A *pot de chambre* stood in the middle of the room. The history of these utensils is involved in almost impenetrable obscurity. It may be observed, however, that Petronius in his account of his hero's disgraceful failure in the rites of love, relates that the disappointed lady revenged herself by ordering her maids to drench him from the windows with the urinals. Of what shape, however, these were, it is impossible to conjecture; nor can it be ascertained whether they were conjunct with or separated from the other appendage. Thus much seems certain, that the Roman ladies were not ashamed to piddle into the baths, a naughty trick that excites my choler, and almost deprives me of power to exercise my pen. But what could be expected from a people whose philosophers lent their wives to their friends and neighbours, whose gardens were ornamented with naked statues of Priapus, and the projections of whose parlour walls were decorated with the *virile member* in its most disgusting state of protrusive perpendicularity.

“ A chair with three legs diversified the scene. The imperfection was grateful to my philosophic mind, for it reminded me of a tripod, the most classical of sedentary forms, and recalling to the recollection of the reader the sublime mythology of the ancients ! In England, indeed, there are various stools, such as the close-stool, the ducking-stool, the stool of repentance, but none of these seem in shape to bear any favourable resemblance to the Grecian tripod. Yet which of the early nations sacrificed to Bacchus with more ardour than is displayed by his modern worshippers ? It may be collected from various passages in Athenæus that chairs even in his time were not so frequent as couches ; nor can the impartial examiner do otherwise than confess that sophas are much more easy and luxurious than chairs. Thanks, however, to the chastity of my fair countrywomen, these conveniences are nearly exploded. Temptation in the shape of a couch should not assail them. *A woman's virtue falls* with her body, and when the one is prostrate, the other is in danger.

“ I now opened the door. All was silent. Not a breath of wind was stirring along the corridors. I listened with sensitive attention, when methought that several half drawn sighs floated in the air. The chamber opposite to mine was the nocturnal retreat of the maid-servant. With palpitating breast and gentle steps I hastened to the door, and applying my eye to the key-hole was convinced of her sexual weakness by ocular demonstration. In *procinctu* was the tall menial of our neighbour, an Irish colonel. The antiquity of footmen is a subject of much dispute. Running footmen were known in the time of Sisera, and Naaman's servant was probably a knight of the shoulder-knot. Love ! mysterious inspirer of all that is great, and generous ; how art thou profaned by the concourse of grooms and chambermaids ! Yet I was convinced that practical philosophy is better understood by servants than by men of learning ;—As I proceeded to the second floor, I could not avoid observing the beauty and utility of bannisters. Of those that I found so useful in my journey the reader

will find a view in plate 2d. figure 9th ; *a b*, are the rails, *c d*, the front pillar, *e f*, the arm inclining at the angle FEG, to the horizon. I hope that the reader will allow me some small degree of praise for the accuracy and utility of this engraving. On the second floor lived the amiable and ingenious Wiggins. He was standing at his door as I descended. He seemed to be the most perfect gentleman whom I had ever seen ; he courteously invited me in, and introduced me to his beauteous wife and amiable family. Mrs. Wiggins with a sweet smile, asked me if I would stay to breakfast, and one of the little urchins, though it could not speak, seemed to express by its looks how much I should be delighted by compliance. The tea was unfortunately extremely weak, but the butter was tolerable. Such are my habits, that I cannot look at infant innocence without emotions of unaffected delight ; and after leaving this lovely family I ventured to transmit them the following trifling tribute of gratitude.

* “ Sweet innocence, how dear and good thou art,
 To all who have a head, or boast a heart ;
 ’Tis thine to raise the poet’s chastest love,
 ’Tis thine that life is sometimes blest to prove.
 How in my Wiggins’ wife that virtue shines,
 How in her lovely infants ! more than lines
 Of poetry or prose could e’er describe,
 Tho’ worth like their’s, the literary tribe,
 Might well be proud to raise. Sweet blue-eyed Poll !
 Her cherub eyes enrapture all my soul !
 How sweet and lovely as thou sip’st thy tea,
 Thy mother’s charms epitomized in thee.
 Nor Bill less playful, tho’ his brow severe,
 Declare his father’s virtue all is here ;
 Some future statesman he’ll hereafter rise,
 And raise up Britain’s glory to the skies ;
 But fear of flattery ties my tumid tongue,
 Or would I sing his beauties loud and long !

* See the complimentary heroics of Mr. Hayley, and his friends.

“ This poetical morceau was my first introduction to literary fame. Who feels not his bosom swell with the hope of existing in the memory of posterity? I flatter myself that my productions are not of a transitory nature, but that future ages shall pronounce with veneration the name of Everard Pigeon. As I entered the garden my olfactory nerves were saluted with an unpleasant odour. The use of perfumes is very ancient. Herodotus mentions the fumigation of the beard, and Solomon was presented with fragrant gums by the queen of Sheba. The word gum comes from *gumma*, Latin, but why the glands of the mouth should be distinguished by the same appellation, I am unable to conjecture. I am inclined however to agree with my learned friend Vallancey, who is of opinion that the Welsh is a corruption of the Greek, and that the English language is the same with that of Carthage. Nothing can be more sublime than his system of etymology, inso-much as dissimilarity of sound is no objection against any particular instance that he may think proper to adduce. Who would suppose, for example, that *man* was derived from *kizmibuhm*, signifying in the Phenician *noble*; yet nothing can be plainer! From *kizmibuhm* comes *kismib*, from *kismib* comes by corruption of the *k*, *thismib*: now leaving out *this* there remains *mib*, which in the euphonic pronunciation of the English becomes *min* as it is pronounced in the North, but more politely *man*. In the same way what can be plainer than that *cathedral* is exactly the same sound with *chair*, and that *mop* is derived from *potomack*.—Such is the clearness of the noble science of etymology.

“ I could not help admiring the growth of a few plants that were flourishing in pots. I regretted much that I was not a perfect master of the new system of chemistry, that I might explain to the gardener the mysteries of germination. I endeavoured to explain, however, “ that by the saturation of the absorbing particles of bodies with the superoxygenated bases of saline effervescence, the decomposition of azotic gas was considerably promoted, and

though the phlogistic process did not proceed without the radiation of caloric through every superfetation of the graminal principles, yet still the acidulative neutralization of alkaline attraction, gave a new power of spontaneous motion to the gaseous transpiration which by the sudition of the nutritive particles produces the process that gives birth to a plant." I had the satisfaction to find that the man perfectly understood me: for he immediately exclaimed, "Aye! they want water." So great is the utility of chemical knowledge even in the common business of life!

"I have never considered myself as a man of wit, yet I could not look round the garden without thinking of two excellent subjects for epigrams, and as I hold inactivity to be worse than vice, I sat down a few days afterwards and concluded the following *jeux d'esprit*.

" THE TULIPS.

" Dear Kate, my sweet and only love,
No more the doctor plague for juleps,
Come here with me, and you will find,
'There's Physic e'en in kissing *tulips* (two lips).

" THE PRIM-ROSE, (to Miss Rose.)

" That a prim-rose is beautiful you say in your letter,
But a *Rose* that is *not prim*, I think is much better."

FAMILY DISTRESS, OR THE BEAUTIES OF
BUCHAN.

SIR,

ABOUT five years ago I became the husband of Miss Polly Buxom, a young lady remarkable for the sprightliness of her temper and the bloom of her countenance.

She was not one of those sentimental fair ones who are tremblingly alive to all the horrors of matrimony : who must be courted in sonnets, and who do nothing on the wedding-day but faint, and sigh, and gaze in speechless expression : she was all life, and gaiety, and love, and danced and sung on the eve of our nuptials as merrily as the most thoughtless of her companions. The first four years of connubial union glided along in a stream of happiness, interrupted only by the annual visits of the parson and the midwife. Our October was regularly broached on the birth-day of our eldest son, and Mrs. Vickers led down the annual dance with Dr. Julep, the surgeon of the village.

My wife, however, well knew the virtue of economy, and finding the doctor's bills became more and more expensive as the family increased, she had a mind to try whether she could not act, herself, in the capacity of doctress. I bought a copy of Buchan at the next market town, and a chest of family medicines was immediately ordered from Dr. Reece. After these necessary preliminaries my wife set herself in earnest about the study of physic : in the course of a week she was able to make a collyrium for the eyes, or a cataplasm for the feet ; became quite expert in the symptoms of all the diseases to which the human frame are incident, and could tell how many grains of calomel should be given as a vermifuge.

Her first experiments began upon the coachman, who happening to complain of a head-ache was immediately ushered into the parlour, and examined very strictly respecting the causes and circumstances of his disorder. She soon discovered that he was ill of a *peripneumony*, and therefore gave him a powder which he was ordered to take at bed-time in a bason of water-gruel. The next morning he was perfectly recovered, and as she knew nothing about his throwing the powder into the orchard, she was convinced that Buchan is infallible.

In the course of a month the whole family had gone through a course of her physic. The cook was almost

killed by a gentle *sudorific*, your humble servant was reduced to a skeleton by the application of perpetual blisters, and the little ones looked so pale and so puffed up, that they reminded me of the walking turnip in Harlequin and Asmodeus: when somehow or other I began to fancy that Mrs. Vickers might not be quite so skilful as she thought herself, and that it was very possible to be killed even by the prescriptions of one's own wife. I had scarcely left off the use of her remedies, however, and consequently recovered my pristine health, when the change in her spirits and appearance both alarmed and astonished me. The first time that I went down stairs she was sitting before the fire, wrapt in flannels, with a bottle of laudanum standing beside her on the table, and Buchan in her hand. She was too deeply engaged in reading him to hear or observe me, and on looking over her shoulder I discovered that she was in the middle of that celebrated author's account of the hypochondriasm or lingering fever. The words "pain in the side, difficulty of breathing, loss of sight, gradual acceleration of the disease, unhappy victim, weary of life, lingering anguish, gradual decay, misery, madness, and death," struck my eyes in every line over which I casually glanced. My wife's countenance changed as she advanced in its perusal, and when the description was ended, sunk into her chair, with a groan that echoed through every corner of the house.

This, Sir, was one of her more violent fits, her life is now one continued alternation of horrors. She is always afflicted with the disease about which she has been last reading, and as she proceeded in the perusal of the Domestic Medicine, has been seized in rotation by every disorder (except one) to be found in the pages of the Domestic Medicine. She is now labouring, Sir, under a fashionable complaint called nerves; but as the fit has continued much longer than usual, I am afraid that there is now something more than fancy in the case, and begin to conjecture that reading about a disease may actually produce it. She certainly does not fulfil the old precept

which commands a wife to be buxom to her husband at bed and board. Instead of a blooming goodhumoured active creature, as she was a few months ago, she has become a timid, listless, complaining picture of old maidism—is afraid of every breath of wind, and suspects that there is poison in every thing she tastes. She is moreover not a little whimsical in her temper : all my servants have given me warning, and I am afraid that the domiciliary duties will devolve on me. If the parlour window be up, she is afraid of catching cold—if it be down, she wonders how I can endure to live without a breath of air. If a fire be lighted in the house, the heat is insupportable ; if the stoves be ornamented with flowers, she is absolutely freezing. If I order breakfast in the drawing room, the noise of the street distracts her ; if in the back parlor, “ I wish to bury her alive.” If I propose an airing, “ the *jolting of the chaise* would shake her to pieces.” If the horses be lame, or I have lent the chaise to a friend, a jaunt to the next village “ would be delightful.” My house is little better than an apothecary’s shop. The floors are strewn with vials, and every apartment smells of assafoetida. But she is not content even with the regular prescriptions of Buchan, or the genuine medicaments of Reece : during the last year I have paid half my income for quack medicines. One of my closets is full of Dr. Solomon’s glass ware, my corkscrew is worn out with uncorking Dr. Brodum’s nervous, and a ten quart bottle that *did* contain twenty guineas-worth of Dr. Sibley’s Solar Tincture, ornaments the parlour chimney-piece. The rest of the family are in danger of being poisoned. I have more than once swallowed a cathartic instead of my morning draught of brandy and bitters. Half a dozen of my best Hampshire hogs have been killed by drinking out of a trough, into which the maid had thrown the dregs of Squire’s *Elixir of life*, and my favorite little one has been on the confines of the grave in consequence of swallowing a lozenge of immortality. In short, Sir, I am the most miserable devil

in existence. The neighbours are afraid to buy my meat lest it should have died of medicine ; all the medical tribe are up in arms against me ; my wife's relations have insisted on sending her to a private madhouse ; not one of my old friends will drink my Christmas ale for fear of swallowing a dose of julep, our old visitor the captain dare not enter the house lest he should *scent* his regimentals ; not a young lady can come near us without incurring the suspicion of disease, a nurse cannot be procured to my little one for love or money, and unless you can point out some untried method of relief, I shall even take a dose of Rymer's cordial, and leave my wife and family to the compassion of their friends.

VALENTINE VICKERS.

ON THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF JUVENILE POETS.

THE severity of criticism is a commonplace subject of complaint with the majority of contemporary writers. It is natural that a condemned author should accuse his judges of cruelty, and that those who dare not rely on their own merits for their pretensions to public favour, should deny the authority of those arbiters of literary fate, from whom they anticipate a damnatory sentence. Yet even a casual review of the literary history of the last ten years, will evince, that if the present age have been unduly biased in its estimation of contemporary merit, it has usually been on the side of indulgence. While productions of real excellence have met with the most enthusiastic reception, the most miserable compositions have been sanctioned by the approbation of criticism, and have obtained the most extensive popularity.

Who can remember the public reception of that most stupid of all stupid attempts at Poetry entitled "All the Talents," without astonishment at the infatuation of its

readers. Such a farrago of nonsense and stupidity has seldom been produced, yet its meanest passages were quoted by statesmen, and its most trivial notes applauded in the reviews. It does not contain a line that might not be manufactured by a school-boy of the fourth form, yet it was admired by twenty thousand readers as a model of poetical perfection. The taste of Pope, and the energy of Churchill shone with concentrated lustre in the page of Barret, and "All the Talents" united the grace of Horace with the vigour of Juvenal.

Yet only three years have elapsed, and what dabbler in literature remembers a line of his production? His subsequent writings the critics have been ashamed to praise, and the frequenters of circulating libraries been afraid to read. His volumes lie upon the shelves of his publisher, and the meanest drudge of Grub-street would think it an insult to be told that he wrote like *Barret*.

The name of Hayley was at one time enrolled among those of the greatest masters of "immortal verse." The literary journals from 1798 to 1802, are filled with comparisons between *him* and Virgil. The various correspondents of the magazines are perfectly astonished that he does not attempt to rival Milton as an epic poet. Every newspaper contains "verses to William Hayley, Esq. on reading his late excellent poem," and almost every line of these productions talks about the *laurels of Parnassus*, the *wreath of fame*, the *lyre of Orpheus*, and the *gem of genius*. Yet the public opinion now coincides with the decision of the Edinburgh reviewers, that "all his productions are characterized by a barren and invincible mediocrity." We do not believe that there is a boarding-school miss, or a literary ensign who could now endure a single page of his doggrel monotony, or that a bookseller would give five pounds for the reversion of his posthumous verses.

Even John Williams, a name synonymous with every thing that is stupid and illiterate, was at one time the object of national admiration. Pasquin was the catch-word to every literary puff, he gave title to a dozen jest books, was solicited to write a new prologue for every dramatic

novelty—complimented in sonnets by the members of the Blue-stocking club---drank tea with Mrs. Piozzi---was mentioned more than once in every column of the World—contended in punning with Captain Topham; had his physiognomy exhibited in the printshops—had free admission to the green room—and courted half a dozen actresses through the medium of the press.

Yet the reception of these writers could not be owing in any considerable degree to the depravation of our literary taste. If dulness has frequently obtained popularity, it has seldom proceeded from insensibility to real excellence. The works of Hannah More have been received with an enthusiasm proportioned to their merit; the *Lady of the Lake* is the companion of every parlour and the ornament of every library, and the writings of Cooper are in the hands of the old and the young, the learned and the illiterate. The true causes of the unjust or capricious distribution of literary fame, are the timidity and venality of criticism. As not more than one book out of a hundred has any pretensions to excellence, few critics will have the courage to express their conscientious opinions of the remaining ninety-nine; and while the honest members of the fraternity are withheld from censure by a principle of forbearance, their venal brethren are proportionably active in the circulation of their puffs.

There is one mode of appeal to the indulgence of the public, which is seldom unsuccessful. A writer who has himself no claim to literary merit, or whose reputation is declining, has nothing more to do than to become the patron of some uneducated boy, who verses before he has learned to spell, and composes didactic essays on men and manners before he has left the stall or the farm-yard. After a youth of this description has paid due homage to your superior talents, by sending you one or more complimentary sonnets in which he compares you to Aristotle or Apollon, you may deign to grant him your protection. It will be your first duty to correct his errors of

orthography, to amend any little faults of versification that might shock the taste, or counteract the amazement of the public. The next thing is to write a preface in which you clearly demonstrate his superiority to Pindar or Theocritus : and in order to render him the favorite of sentimental old maids of fortune, the preliminary observations may as well conclude with an assurance that "the mildness of his habits is only equalled by the meekness of his disposition, and the humility of his pretensions ; that he is a paragon of piety, sensibility, and wisdom ; to youth a model, and to old age an edifying example." Those who know him will admire the extent of your endeavours to serve him, and those who do not, will think you a patron of more than usual discernment. If the book be printed on wire-wove paper, with head lines, and a vignette title-page there can be little doubt that you will dispose of twenty thousand copies—your protégée *of course* is the *only* pecuniary gainer, but you will share the glory of his triumph, and be hailed as a new Mæcenas by the Monthly and Critical reviewers.

About thirty years ago such productions as those of Dermody, and Bloomfield, and Thirlwall might have been admired as curiosities ; but their merit is entirely dependent on their rarity, and the effusions of youthful and uneducated genius are now to be found on every book-stall, and adorn the mantle-piece of every village inn.

These observations have been suggested by the advertisement of the works of Joseph Blackett, edited by Mr. Pratt. We have every reason to believe that Mr. Pratt is solely influenced in his exertions on this occasion by a spirit of benevolence, and we have no doubt that in purchasing the work the public will be doing an act of substantial charity. But let not our compassion for the family of the deceased poet be mistaken for approbation of his writings. We are afraid that Mr. Pratt's preface may demand that, as a tribute to his literary excellence, which can only be bestowed as an act of kindness to his relatives. It is natural that a patron, whether his assump-

tion of that office be voluntary or incidental, should be able to discover beauties in the writings of his protégé that escape the cold and unbiassed reader. If therefore Mr. Pratt indulges in any flights of enthusiastic eulogy; if he compares his hero with Chatterton, and discovers in his writings the vigor of Dryden or the pathos of Collins, we shall feel it our duty to undeceive the public respecting the pretensions of Blackett to the character of a poet. The manufacture of readable verse is of all employments the most easy, and may be pursued with as much success at the age of sixteen as at any future period of life.

There can be no greater act of cruelty than that of drawing an individual from the pursuits of common life, and from his natural station in society, to launch him forth on the world of literature. If he do justice to the expectation of his patron, and astonish mankind by the splendor of his talents, what height of poetical eminence will secure him from the storms of life? It is better for himself that a village Milton should remain at the plough, than that he should become the glory of his age, and the wonder of posterity. The peasant is secure of tranquillity and competence; but the man of letters is in general a man of sorrow; with a soul alive to all the elegancies of life, and all the endearments of domestic society, he is doomed to a continued struggle for a barren and isolated existence, and is not less distinguished from his fellow-creatures by his infelicity, than by the splendor of his powers, or the multiplicity of his attainments. But it generally happens, that mere impatience of restraint is mistaken for genius; and that the boy whose attachment to verse is ascribed to inspiration, has only been led to its pursuit by mere impatience of more regular occupations. The urchin who is too lazy to work, yet is restrained from play, will betake himself to *rhyming*; and if a patron chance to fall in his way, will be transformed into a literary prodigy. It seems to be forgotten that a love of scribbling does not imply an ability to write; the poetaster composes and recites his verses with

as much enthusiasm as the man of genius, and the conception of Scott is less rapturous than the parturition of Fitzgerald.

Experience has taught us that no conclusions can be drawn respecting the future efforts of a man from the productions of his youth. If a boy of sixteen be the author of verses that are not much beneath mediocrity, it does not follow that when arrived at maturity, he shall surpass the level of his contemporaries. There is no just reason to conclude that if the life of Chatterton had been prolonged, his fame would have expanded with the duration of his existence. The developement and progress of genius are unsusceptible of calculation, and so little dependent on any visible operation of nature, that of two boys, one of whom had displayed great prematurity of literary excellence, and the other had displayed only moderate abilities, we should not hazard a conjecture which should be hereafter the most distinguished as a poet or a wit. What comparison could have been made between the juvenile talents of Dryden and Dermody, or which of the tutors of Swift would have predicted his future superiority over his university contemporaries?

Henceforward, therefore, let us not consider any productions as entitled to peculiar favor, unless they be abstractly excellent. Our taste will thus be no longer corrupted by the compositions of presumptuous school-boys; nor animal precocity be mistaken for intellectual vigor.

THE REVIEWER. No. IV.

Hints to the Public and the Legislature on the Nature and Effect of Exangelical Preaching. By a Barrister. Part the 4th. 1811.

It is not a little disgraceful to the present age that while the sermons of Paley repose on the shelves of the booksellers in undisturbed oblivion, the weak and puerile

compositions of a Sedgwick should be received with any degree of public approbation. A man more destitute of logical or literary talent has seldom obtruded himself on the notice of criticism. Without the slightest acquaintance with the principles or practice of the various classes of dissenters against whom he has directed his attack, he has chosen to represent one half of them as rogues, and the rest as ideots : without any powers of moral or metaphysical discussion, he labours to represent the doctrines of all who believe in the articles of the established church as sceptical or blasphemous ; and with talents that could not excite the rational envy of the lowest manufacturer of indexes that ever plied for employment among the *vampers* of the Row, he displays an arrogance of thought and manner that would not be tolerated in the Coryphæus of contemporary literature.

The encouragement that this farrago of nonsense and malignity has met with from the periodical critics, demonstrates (if any proof were now required) that there is no writer, however contemptible, who may not hope to be declared by the reviewers an ornament of his age and country. The “*Hints*” have been noticed more than on one occasion by our most popular reviews ; but it does not seem to have been discovered that he ascribed to the dissenters doctrines that they solemnly disavowed, and that have no influence on their practice, or on the daily habits of their lives ; that there is scarcely a page of the first two parts that does not involve some glaring contradiction ; that he mistakes Armenians for Calvinists, and Calvinists for Lutherans ; that he is an enemy to the established church while he professes to advocate its cause, and a Socinian, without the candour or the courage to avow and to defend his sentiments.

As far indeed as he can attack the doctrines of the church of England, under the pretext of railing against the absurdities of fanaticism, he is not unwilling to be more explicit. As the only remedy for the evils that he has pointed out, he recommends the abrogation of the *thirty-nine articles*. “*No articles,*” he asserts, “*can*

ever be a proper foundation for any man's faith. In a revealed religion they must always be useless, because there can be no reason to resort to, much less to rest on any human decision." It is not our purpose to enter into the enquiry whether an established church be necessary to the existence of a regular government, and be conducive to the interests even of those who may remain without the pale of its authority. The subject has been investigated by Paley with an ability that sets all minor efforts at defiance : nor does it require any extraordinary powers of intellect to discover that it is better that the subscribers to one particular creed should be possessed of exclusive advantages than that the members of every persuasion should alike be deprived of the blessings of religious liberty, that the gospel of peace should be the text-book of religious faction, and every assemblage of Christians be called together under circumstances of alarm and danger ; rather than that the majority by claiming some peculiar privileges to themselves, should secure in return the tranquillity of their brethren. It is not because " articles are a proper foundation for a man's faith," though the sentiments of the Barrister on *this* head are susceptible of easy refutation, that they have been adopted by the church of England ; but because they are the tests of political as well as of religious distinction. The established clergy are the elected guides of a large proportion of the community, who acknowledge the thirty-nine articles as the standard of their belief, and the bond of their union ; and it would surely be something more than madness that the revenues of the churches that they attend should be filled by clergymen, whose religious principles they did not ascertain by some convenient test, and who might, unrestrained by any form of profession, advance such doctrines, and introduce such modes of discipline as are equally abhorrent from their feelings and contrary to their belief.

The Barrister is rather indebted for his popularity to the irritability of his adversaries than to his intrinsic me-

rits. It has been observed by a correspondent, whose sentiments on *Calvinistic* methodism, as they contain almost all that can be said on the subject in a short compass, are deserving of recapitulation, that "the Hints of a Barrister sufficiently evince how little the bigotry of fanaticism is calculated to purify the mind, or refine the temper. Such excessive sensibility is both unbecoming and injudicious. The tranquillity of innocence remains equally unmoved by the insinuations of unjust suspicion, and the bolder falsehoods of interested malignity : but wickedness is always jealous of discovery ; the slightest insinuation is sufficient to alarm its cowardice, and instead of the calm intrepidity of virtue, it displays either the violence of oppression, or the noisy blustering of rage and impotence.*"

It should be remembered, however, that the elect are not to be judged by those laws which regulate the conduct and character of other men. They have a peculiar dispensation for ignorance and folly which secures them from all the terrors of literary punishment. To men who write in the power of faith, and under the influence of grace, the fulminations of the critic are the explosion of a pop-gun, the denunciations of a moralist the thunder of an infant's rattle. It is really dangerous to contend with personages who not only can pour forth the torrents of literary abuse, but hurl the thunderbolts of spiritual damnation. Besides, in what part of his literary character is an evangelical writer vulnerable? His language is too sublime for vulgar comprehension, and you have therefore no right to censure his obscurity : to expect that a man who soars into the empyrean regions of celestial mystery, should descend to the minutiae of grammar, is ridiculous. The facts which he relates cannot be doubted, for it is impossible that a man whose thoughts and actions are under the immediate controul of the Deity

* Review of Cecil's *Memoirs of Newton*, by Dr. Hewson Clarke in *Cumberland's Review*.

should lie, and the conclusions that he draws must necessarily be just, for they are the conclusions of inspiration. In this dilemma, a writer who has no wish for the transcendant honour of being anathematised from every pulpit, tub, or tree, by every dear, sweet, godly man in the united kingdom; who has no ambition to be metamorphosed into a *raw-head and bloody-bones* for the amusement of the *babes of grace*; who thinks that there is "sweeter music to an *author's* ear," than the chidings of old maids, and who can by no means be persuaded that the breath of Dr. Hawker is half so oderiferous as the "soft gale that breathes upon a bank of violets!" would shrink as we were almost inclined to do from so dangerous an enterprize, and leave the sons of Satan and daughters of the Devil, to be trampled beneath the unpolluted sanctity of methodism.

We are by no means inclined to believe in the truth of those spiritual inspirations and religious impulses on which the enthusiasts of every age and nation have founded their claims to exclusive sanctity. The church of England admits, it is true, the actual influence of grace in assiting the sincere exertions of the virtuous, but it denies that either its operation is perceptible, or that it is ever so powerful as to render the exertions of those who are favored by its assistance unnecessary or presumptuous. Unless the influence of perceptible grace be of a nature perfectly different from every other impression made on the human intellect, it is difficult to imagine any means by which it can be distinguished from nervous excitation. We are afraid that to a man who has once persuaded himself that he is the favored subject of these mysterious impulses, it will be difficult to discriminate between the action of spiritual and material agents. Even the social cheerfulness of common life, may be referred to something supernatural. The effusions of amorous enthusiasm may be mistaken for the aspirations of religious ardour, and the delirium of unlawful pleasure for the raptures of celestial love!

To the dogmas of the calvinistic methodist, the general reasoning of the writer to whom we have alluded, apply with peculiar force. To pervert the imagination, to debilitate the judgment, and to deprive the mind of every power of philosophical investigation, has always been the evident effects of calvinistic methodism. A man who has once exalted himself to an elevation with the Deity, must consider the common objects of human speculation as too trivial for his notice : supposing himself to be really the instrument of heaven, and subject to the immediate direction of a superior power, all exertion on his part either for spiritual instruction or temporal prosperity must be utterly superfluous. He who traces the hand of the Almighty, in every operation of his mind, and every adventure of his life, is equally secure from the danger of present calamity and of future punishment. Even *his sins are those of his Creator* ; he has no volition of his own, but must resign himself in helpless apathy to the disposal of Omnipotence.

Of extempore preaching, which is the great characteristic of the evangelical clergy, the editors of the *Scourge* have before expressed their opinion. A clerical *orator* must be too apt to introduce into the pulpit his own feelings and opinions more frequently than is consistent with the interests of truth, or the wishes of his congregation. If his personal experience be admitted as a guide on every disputed point of doctrine, there is no absurdity which the unenlightened part of his audience may not be induced to reverence as one of the truths of christianity. The preacher *may* indeed be both wise and virtuous, but he may with equal probability be foolish and wicked ; and how are the auditors of such men to distinguish between the christian and the hypocrite ? Even were there no danger of such a deception, we should be afraid that the weakness of human nature would prevail over general principles of virtue, or general firmness of character, the vehemence of transitory passion, or the pride of momentary exultation might draw from the lips of a really pious and

sensible man, expressions which in his moments of reflection he would consider with astonishment and sorrow.

The great mass of the dissenting congregations is formed of persons who from the nature of their employment, from constitutional habit, or the mental agitation to which their occupation exposes them, are peculiarly subject to nervous melancholy. Of this description are old maids, and the lower class of shop-keepers, who are subjected to daily attendance behind the counter, without sufficient business to amuse them, or sufficient wealth to enable them to spend that part of the day which they now devote to gin and methodism in an excursion to a tea-garden. This mass is also made up of persons engaged in sedentary professions, such as tailors, shoe-makers, and weavers, and of labourers in any kind of gloomy and unsocial employment, such as the potters of Etruria, and the colliers of Newcastle. It is more than foolish to refer to the operation of divine grace for an effect, which may so much more simply and intelligibly be accounted for by a reference to natural causes.

That pious frenzy which drives such crowds to the mad-house of Blackfriars, will appear still more strongly to be only a particular symptom of nervous melancholy, when it is considered how many among the middle and lower classes of the methodists have continual recourse to stimulants and cordials. It is difficult to find a man or woman among their confirmed adherents who does not either chew tobacco, or take snuff, or swallow opium, or drink spirituous liquors. Nor is this so much the general character of the lower orders of society, as the constant and peculiar accompaniment of methodism. If they chuse to assert that the melancholy is not the cause of the religion, but the religion of the melancholy, let them have the full benefit of the argument. The gloom of fanaticism is admirably calculated to repress those social and virtuous feelings which refine the manners and exalt the character. Those delightful images of loveliness and dignity in which religion beguiles the solitary

hours, and confirms the virtuous resolutions of the rational christian, are a stranger to the perturbed imagination of the methodist. To him she appears only in the semblance of an inexorable fury, "whose iron hand" and torturing power, afflict him with hopeless misery in this world, and eternal torture in the next.

"If the church" (says a contemporary writer) "have become the contempt and scorn of fools, it is to the colour that has been given to that contempt by the folly of its pastors; to the indolence of some, and the avarice of others." Some are become the servants of auctioneers, and some the panders to fashionable frivolity. To select a man grown in wisdom and in years would not suit the new founders of the church: to crowd the buildings, and raise the price of seats, is the plain object of these ingenious speculators. For this purpose the preacher must be spruce, and pliant, and polished; his very band must be made in the extremity of the fashion, his wig must be frosted by the most accomplished artist, his chitterlin smooth, and snowy—he must, above all, be young. This is the indispensable qualification. Beauty is so much the better when it can be found; but as it has occurred by the will of fate that the clergy are the most ill-favored class of decent men to be found on earth, it must be dispensed with, but youth may be found and must be found. The chapel built, and the preacher found, the speculation probably thrives; but if not the bricklayer and the carpenter sit in judgment on the parson, and another dispenser of the gospel is hired. The judgment of this formidable tribunal is summary, and without appeal. The wretched hireling may plead his assiduity and his grimace; his submission to every whim of his congregation, and every command of his employer; but the books of the sexton are fatal evidence against him; it is proved that he has ceased to draw, and all his eloquence would from that moment be thrown away on the proprietors. The chapel gradually goes through all its progresses and permutations of private property. It is, like any other tenement, hired and mortgaged, and sold, without crime or com-

punction. Half a dozen speculating clerists, in full cry for pelf and popularity, contrive to get hold of it, and for a while may make it a profitable thing. But this species of property is like all others precarious. A newer chapel with a handsome front, a larger stone, a better organist, pews more softly cushioned, and a younger orator, is set up in the neighbourhood. The congregation gradually slide away, the pews become desolate, the sexton misses his sabbath bribes, the proprietors grow sick of the speculation, and the firm dissolves : the chapel then goes through the regular transmigrations ; it becomes a methodist conventicle, a stable, or a ruin.

We want *eloquent* men in our pulpits, we want men sincere, and spreading the spirit of their sincerity through their congregations ; who from their intercourse with their flocks in the performance of their duties, understand the mind of their hearers ; who can kindle and captivate the people by their genius, and edify them by their virtue. But if such men are to be found, they are not brought forward. Unfortunate circumstances have made it to be esteemed the wisest policy to repress any thing that assumes the shape of distinguished exertion in the regular preachers of religion. A zealous yet orthodox clergyman would be called an enthusiast or a hypocrite, as suited the views of his opponents : he would be overpowered by calumny or artifice, he would be pressed by the mass and multitude of his enemies, till he either sunk under the pressure, or retired, half in disgust, half in sorrow, with the melancholy consciousness that the world was not ripe to receive the glorious truth which he brought for its happiness. As a substitute for men like these we are blessed with a Haweis or a Huntington ; with one who lulls his audience to sleep, and another who teaches them that robbing is harmless, and indolence commendable.

THE DELICATE INVESTIGATION, AND
" SPIRIT OF THE BOOK."

SIR,

YOUR fears have been verified, and a sister-in-law of an exalted personage did the honours of a late entertainment. The determination therefore of the Marquis of Edinburgh, to withhold from the unfortunate Marchioness not only his confidence and his love, but even the external marks of conjugal protection, can no longer be doubted. It is too evident that if this unfortunate lady become the partner of his honours, she will never enjoy any share of his affection; and that all that he can do to satisfy the wishes of those who feel an interest in the fortunes of his house, will be to sacrifice happiness to appearances.

Mr. Cobbett, in his Register of July 8, 1809, expresses himself in this manner. " Give us, Mr. Wardle, the contents of the intended book of Mrs. Clarke. This is the way to pay off your and our enemies. You must, I should hope, have seen some of their contents. If possible give us those contents, and if you could get us, at the same time, a *copy of another work, of somewhat the same sort, printed privately about two years and a half ago, it would add to the value of the collection.* People may say what they will, but these are the things, and the only things, which this nation wants at this time. These books would be of much more real service to England than all the horse and foot in the country, not excepting the German Legion. I beg, sir, to press this upon your mind. It is impossible that all the copies can be destroyed. Let us but have these books, and whole years of labour will be saved. The people will then see things as they are, and as they ought to be known to be."

What reason Mr. Cobbett had for presuming that it was in Mr. Wardle's power to obtain a copy of the last of these productions, it is not easy to conjecture. I know enough of the character of the latter gentleman to be con-

vinced, that if such a prize had lain within his reach, he would have taken care to secure it. If the possession of a single copy of it could make a prime-minister, we may be sure that it was not unworthy the notice of a patriot. But in what respect the work could answer the purposes of Mr. Cobbett, is still more doubtful: the facts that it enumerates have little connection with reform in parliament, and are little calculated to elucidate the mysteries of corruption. To the public at large, indeed, and more particularly to those whose enquiries are directed prospectively, the circumstances that it discloses are as interesting as Mr. Cobbett as described them; and the principal object of my present intrusion on your time, is to make a few casual, but not unimportant observations, that have occurred in its perusal.

The first question that naturally occurs is, what will be the conduct of the Marquis, when he succeeds to the honors of his father? The dignity of his station cannot be supported without a domestic establishment, and to call any other female to preside in the place of the Marchioness, would excite the dissatisfaction of the people. If such a line of conduct be adopted, they will demand the evidence of those indiscretions on the part of the Marchioness, which are said to render a separation necessary to the honour and happiness of her husband. If this evidence be refused, the nation will ascribe his conduct to caprice and injustice, and espouse with ardor what they conceive to be the cause of injured innocence. But if it be granted, and be satisfactory, it will then be demanded as due to the Marquis himself, and to the nation, that he should immediately divorce a woman so lost to every principle of virtue, and every sense of personal dignity. It will be said, "if she be innocent, restore her to domestic happiness, and to her station in society: if not, let us see that your conduct towards her is not the result of your own caprice, of irregular attachment or of zealous intrigue. While there remains any doubt of her guilt it is due to those from whom your authority is derived, over whose morals

your conduct has unlimited influence, that you should acknowledge her as the partner of your bed, and as the mistress of your establishment. If to do this, be not necessary, it will yet be prudent and decorous. Let not the example of your father be so far forgotten, that the female nobility of England shall pay their annual devoirs to a confessed prostitute, and contend for the smiles of antiquated vice. If, on the contrary, the Marchioness be really guilty, it will become your station, and gratify the people, to save yourself and them, from seeing the highest honors to which a female can aspire devolve upon an adultress. It will be your duty to effect a legal and a final separation—thus relieving your own bosom from a weight of misery, and preparing the way for a second marriage under more fortunate auspices.”

Such, Sir, is the mode of appeal in which at a future period the general sentiment will be expressed. What reasons there can be to oppose a divorce in this particular instance, it remains for the advocates of the Marchioness to explain. Family pride can in this case have no effect; while rumour is afloat, and it is imagined that the Marquis remains in a state of separation, from a conviction of his wife's infamy, the family will be more effectually degraded than by any open proceeding that can possibly take place. If the name of —— have been dishonored by an unfortunate alliance, it would be better that the alliance should be dissolved, than that the disgrace that attached to it should still continue. Nor does the existence of one pledge of union invalidate the justice of these remarks. Of the legitimacy of their only child, no doubt has ever been entertained. The acts of indiscretion which formed the subjects of the late investigation, occurred long subsequent to the birth of the young countess; that any act of impropriety was committed previous to the marriage there is no evidence, nor if there were would it weaken the validity of the matrimonial contract, and it is too well ascertained that the first separation was not owing to criminal levity, but to the machinations of the titled prostitute

whose memoirs you communicated in a former number of the SCOURGE.

Though one of those who had a principal share in procuring and arranging the materials of "The Spirit of the Book," I by no means approve of the light in which the editor has thought proper to place some particular parts of the conduct of the Marchioness. The adventure with captain P—e, and the reappearance of C— B— are circumstances not less suspicious than extraordinary—the repetition of such indiscretions, after feeling so heavily their melancholy consequences, could not proceed from ignorance or thoughtlessness. That the family, with every wish and *every motive* to believe in the innocence of the accused person, have expressed opinions on the subject by no means favourable to her cause, I can personally testify : and the efforts that have been made to suppress the report; the success of Mr. Perceval; the attention paid to anonymous communications ; the apparent favor with which certain persons, supposed to be acquainted with the nature of the evidence produced, have been regarded, and several circumstances even more extraordinary than these, induce me to conclude that unable to substantiate her innocence, they are obliged to be content with endeavouring to save her reputation.

A LATE POSSESSOR OF THE BOOK.

London, June 27th, 1811.

POLITICAL OBSERVER, No. III.

ON every political subject that has hitherto fallen beneath our notice, we have endeavoured to express our sentiments not in the language of party but of truth. Friendly to the general principles of the Burdettites, yet conscious that some of their warmest partizans are equally destitute of honesty and discretion; entertaining the most profound contempt for more than one member of the

present administration, and the most determined hostility to many of its friends, yet approving of their exertions in the Peninsula, believing Lord Castlereagh to be little better than the multitude suppose him to be, yet feeling an unalterable conviction that the charges of Mr. Finnerty against him were false and malicious : we claim no other political distinction than that of *independence*. That we are not among the partizans of the Duke of York was sufficiently evinced in our last number, and if we occasionally feel ourselves compelled to make some unpleasant remarks on the conduct of his most conspicuous adversaries, we only wish it to be remembered, before we be accused of inconsistency, that the truth of an accusation does not always prove the virtue of the accuser ; nor the justice of a cause demonstrate the general honesty of the successful party.

After reading the particulars of the dispute between Messieurs Stokes and Alley, it is natural to enquire, how far, supposing the testimony of the former gentleman on the trial of Mrs. Clarke and the Wrights for a conspiracy to have been false, its falsehood would affect the reputation of Mr. Wardle. The charges urged against that person by the advocates of the duke, were, that during the investigation in the House of Commons, and some time afterwards, he studiously endeavoured to persuade the house and the public that his intercourse with Mrs. Clarke was only occasional, that he possessed over her no personal influence, and that her evidence was given under no prospect of reward ; yet that from the commencement to the end of the inquiry he was daily and hourly in her company, that he guided her evidence, and that he not only gave her immediate assistance, but in conjunction with Major Dodd, and under the pretended sanction of the Duke of Kent, he held out to her the most extravagant expectations of reward, for whatever testimony she might give, or whatever document she could produce. These charges are not in the least degree affected by any circumstance that has subsequently occurred : his guilt,

or innocence on these points of accusation would have been just the same; his daily intercourse with Mrs. Clarke is proved by his letters, his denial of that intercourse is on record in the minutes of the evidence; that he gave her a hundred pounds he himself confesses, and the correspondence between Major Dodd and Mrs. Clarke demonstrates his participation in the use made by the major of the name of his royal master. The perjury of Mr. Stokes, therefore, if it could be proved would only affect the particular point in dispute; it might prove that Mrs. Clarke and the Wrights were guilty of a conspiracy, but it would not prove that Mr. Wardle's conduct as unconnected with the visit in Rathbone-place was such as to entitle him to public confidence.

The late tirade of Lewis Goldsmith against Buonaparte has placed the ministers in a situation equally unpleasant and ridiculous. The author of the *Crimes of Cabinets* is patronized by Mr. Percival, while Lord Wellesley describes him in the House of Lords as a monster of political and literary turpitude! It is a pity either that the one should have employed him, or that the other should be unacquainted with the fact. The unhappyspeech of the marquis has probably destroyed the circulation of a paper, that the other members of the executive government have been using every effort to establish. It is evident that Mr. Goldsmith, who certainly possesses talents far superior to those of a common newspaper editor, will write on any side, and in any cause, that appears the most likely to reward his services. But what circumstances have rendered it necessary to visit his iniquities with such heavy reprobation, precisely at the present moment? He has been labouring for the last eighteen months to represent the French emperor as the most detestable of monsters, and we think that he has succeeded. Many of the anecdotes contained in his "*Secret History*" bear internal evidence of authenticity, and so many others are corroborated by circumstances with which we were previously acquainted, but which were

too minute and detached to form the ground-work of a fictitious narrative, that we have the most perfect confidence in his general correctness. When a writer records many thousand important anecdotes, consistent with what was previously known, and with each other, this consistency is the best testimony of their truth. In extensive works like that of Mr. Goldsmith, forgery and falsehood are easily detected: among a multitude of false statements there will necessarily be found innumerable anachronisms and contradictions; but in the *Secret History*, no such grounds of distrust have been pointed out, and unless we suspect our ministers of knavish collusion with an unprincipled apostate, the publication of the secret treaty of Tilsit, which he assures us that he has been able to authenticate in a proper quarter, is decisive with regard to his means of obtaining information.

His pamphlet on America as well as all his other writings, evinces the most perfect acquaintance with the state of France and with European politics; while we listen to his sentiments therefore with abhorrence, and regard his motives with distrust, let us make the best use of the knowledge that he is able to communicate.

It may be asked, in the mean time, why the editor of the *Anti-Gallican* should be the first, and the only English editor, whose writings against Buonaparte have drawn down upon him the weight of senatorial vengeance? If the doctrine of assassination has not been openly defended in certain contemporary journals, it has been covertly recommended. Besides, there are some people who forget that there is another mode of assassination than that which is accomplished by the pistol or the dagger: the reputation of Buonaparte is not indeed of so much value in his own estimation as his life; but to attack that reputation by false aspersions of a nature so infamous that the mind shrinks from the mention of them with horror, is not less wicked or less cowardly; and if the language of the papers to which we allude be justified by a reference

to fact, why may not the same indulgence be granted to Mr. Goldsmith?

If it be objected, that he is little better than a convicted spy, we admit the objection to be valid, but cannot perceive why it is not equally applicable to many of the writers who figure in the columns of those newspapers which have been most outrageous in their abuse of the Anti-Gallican. The encouragement given to General Sarrazin's publications is disgraceful to the nation. This person, who is, whatever pretensions he may assume, neither better nor worse than a deserter, employs his leisure hours in scribbling attacks on Buonaparte, of which it is difficult to determine whether the stupidity or the folly is most pre-eminent. His principal theme of abuse is the lowness of Buonaparte's origin. He assures us that the monarchs of the continent would have twenty years ago disdained the services of Napoleon as a valet. Now if this be true, what higher compliment can be paid to the talents of the French emperor? He owed his greatness to himself, and is only the ruler over others, because he is their superior in all the qualities of the soldier and the statesman. General Sarrazin informs us that "it is not necessary to be a conjuror to fathom the designs of Bonaparte." What a libel on the talents of all the statesmen of Europe! Does the general pretend that five years ago he could have prophesied the marriage of Buonaparte to a princess of the house of Austria, or that he foresaw the present system of commercial restriction, before it was adopted? It is peculiarly becoming in this person to call Buonaparte a *quack* and a *low adventurer*. If to govern empires and conquer armies be quackery, by what name shall we distinguish the practices of a book-selling and book-making general? If the application of scandalous epithets be allowed to supply the place of argument, the general has no right to be angry if the periodical journals call him a deserter. His political reasoning is not less superficial, than his satire is ineffectual. We are told that the "infamous Buonaparte," the "usurp-

er," will be the object of general hatred if he be in a state of schism with the Pope. The invasion of Rome will be as pernicious to Buonaparte as the war of the peninsula." The general told us some time ago that Buonaparte *was* the object of general hatred. He now informs us that he *will be*. The truth is, that Sarrazin on deserting to this country was obliged to say something that would cajole the public into a favourable opinion of his character; but that object being accomplished, he might as well be silent, and when he next attempts to reason on political subjects, he would do well to read the history of the revolution. On looking at the Annual Register he will be astonished to find that Rome has been already in possession of the French, and that the Pope has been insulted and degraded without any demonstrations of discontent on the part of the French people.

Such are our opinions on the general subject of personal abuse towards the Emperor of France; but in the proceedings that gave rise to these observations, we must confess that Lord Grey appears to have acted with some degree of haste and indiscretion. Mr. Goldsmith has just published the following letter in vindication of his conduct, and though we cannot but smile at the fervency with which he appeals to God and to his country, he appears to exculpate himself completely from the charge of encouraging assassination.

To the Editor of the Morning Post.

SIR,

* Before his lordship entered upon so unqualified an attack upon me, as the author of the article alluded to, before he proceeded to impute to me motives, which I deprecate and abhor as much as the noble earl himself, before he appealed so warmly to the passions of the house, and held me up as a fit object for public execration: his lordship should have read the *whole* of the article complained of. Had his lordship done *that*, I am persuaded that he would not—nay he could

* We have left out a paragraph which is not necessary to the sense.

not, have condemned me in the same unqualified and decisive tone he has done. Had his lordship done *that*, I flatter myself the marquis WELLESLEY would not have joined in the condemnation of the article *in toto*. As the case appeared to his lordship at the moment, the animated and energetic speech of the noble marquis did honour to his feelings, for no British nobleman can be the advocate of assassination. My complaint, therefore, against EARL GREY is, that, instead of reading the whole of the article from the *Anti-Gallican Monitor*, his lordship read to the house only *part* of it, avowedly taken from the French translation in the *Courier d'Angleterre*; the editor of which paper promised to give the remaining part of the article in a succeeding number, the whole being too long to appear in that publication at once. Had EARL GREY taken up the matter in this way, he would have found the whole strain and object of the article summed up in this sentence at the conclusion, which so far from inviting to the doctrine of assassination contains a complete disavowal of such intention; it runs thus:

“ It is, however, not my wish to organize a band of “ *Chevaliers de Poignard*,” but a band of writers and printers, who in a very short time may accomplish the tyrant's destruction. The people of the continent want to be roused and animated to exertion. It will be the principal object of this society, to promote that desirable end. Ministers may do what they think proper to accomplish the tyrant's downfall, but I do not require their assistance. I will not share the glory of the deed with any one, but such as are incorporated in the *Anti-Corsican Institution*. If Ministers have other means of ensuring success, let the fame be theirs, but I will endeavour to emulate them—let the blame, if I miscarry, fall upon *me*, and *me on'y*: if I succeed, the consolation of having achieved this glorious act will be more than an ample recompense.”

These are still my sentiments, and for the purity of my intentions I appeal to God and my country. But I beg to assure EARL GREY, that although not of noble extraction, I feel as much for the honour, interest, and *safety* of my country, as any of his Majesty's subjects, however exalted his rank. I reserve to myself the liberty of replying to EARL GREY in next Sunday's *Anti-Gallican*, respecting the general conduct of BONAPARTE, which his lordship seems to think *not so bad as represented*.—I am, Sir, &c.

June 25th, 1811.

LEWIS GOLDSMITH.

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri;
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor hospes.

IN our first number we expressed our opinion of Mr. Theodore Hooke more forcibly than was pleasant either to his dramatic rivals, or to those performers who have been the objects of his satire. One of our correspondents is very sure that he is *more than intimate* with our theatrical critic, and another has expressed his hope, that "we shall not easily be persuaded to indulge in any further eulogium on a writer who has himself displayed so much injustice and illiberality while he was connected with the *Satirist*." With the arrangements of contemporary publications it is not our duty to interfere, nor do we conceive that because Mr. Hooke has been unjust to *others*, we should be unjust to *him*. We are not sure that this remonstrance may not have proceeded from some angry actor, who broods over imaginary injuries, and lays in wait for some favourable opportunity of literary revenge. But Justice is the motto of the *Scourge*—admiring as we do the talents of Mr. Hooke, and believing that his personal errors are such as indicate exuberance of feeling rather than irregularity of principle, or malignity of temper, we are at once inclined to do him all the service as an individual that lies within our power, and to defend his literary character against the attacks of envious virulence. One man of genius, like the author of the *Heir at Law*, or *Tekeli*, is worth all the respectable and classical dramatists who ever existed, and it unfortunately happens that those who rail against the puns of the one, and the absurdities of the other, commit the same errors without atoning for their faults by ingenuity of invention, or sprightliness of dialogue.

It is better to be wittily absurd than absurdly stupid. The author of *Killing no Murder* may surely claim precedence over the Arnolds and the Boadens; but if it likewise be admitted that the aberrations and the inconsistencies of genius are more worthy of popularity and of critical approbation than the inanimate and monotonous productions of the classical dramatists, in what rank of excellence may he not justly be placed? The great duties of a dramatist are to instruct and delight, but he who accomplishes only the latter of these objects deserves the applause of criticism in a greater degree than he who is neither able to amuse nor edify. But even the morality of Mr. Hooke's plays is not much less than that of more regular productions.

The moral effect of a drama does not depend on the concatenation of its fable, but on the general tenor of its incident and dialogue. The more frequently the virtuous and the natural emotions are excited in any piece, the greater will be its moral effect on the spectators, though the logical conclusions of criticism from a philosophical examination of the plot, may not be perfectly orthodox. The impression on the audience is not ultimate but immediate, and the majority depart with moral feelings, such as are excited not by regular deduction but by momentary observation. On this account the moral effect of the *Stranger* is, notwithstanding the clamour of the Anti-jacobins, more than usually favourable to the happiness of society. The abstract questions respecting the propriety of the hero's receiving an adúlteress to his arms never occurs to nine-tenths of the spectators. They see before them a female in distress—they witness the throbs of maternal agony—selfishness is melted into sympathy, and insensibility awakened to emotion. The scene which calls forth a single tear of unsophisticated feeling does more towards the reformation of an immoral character than a thousand lectures of morality; and even of the good, it is not the purpose of the drama to confirm the principles by an appeal to reason, but, by a succession of natural and pathetic scenes, to teach the passions to move at the command of virtue.

The pieces of Mr. Hooke if they seldom call forth any of the more agonizing passions, have the unequivocal merit of rendering folly ridiculous and vice contemptible. His picture of Apollo Belvi will probably restrain the progress of fanaticism as powerfully as a hundred sermons from the pulpit.

In the present instance it is evident that Mr. Hooke has sacrificed his inclination, and much of the spirit of his play, to the suggestions of those would-be critics, whose classical nerves shrink with horror from the sound of a pun. Of a farce the first excellence is to excite laughter, and since this purpose is and always will be, effectually answered by a jingle of words, notwithstanding the dogmas of criticism, we see no reason why a comic dramatist should abstain from indulging his inclination in this respect, if by so doing he abstract not from the other excellencies of comic writing. It is merely when the puns are bad that they deserve our reprobation. The only example of this species of wit that we remember in the *Trial by Jury* is rather unfortunate. Milford exclaims "I am *transported*, Charlotte," and Charlotte replies, "I wish he were *hanged*." The plot of this farce is simple enough. Sanford disguises himself as a gardener, and is engaged by old Twaddle the uncle of Louisa. Milford, another of her lovers, personates a footman, and more lucky than his rival gains access to the parlor. Wilkins is the accredited admirer of the young lady. He and Milford make a confidant of the supposed gardener—

the supposed gardener outwits them both,—and his fortune being restored by the verdict of jury, he obtains the hand of Louisa Twaddle.

The portraits of Twaddle (Mr. Barnes) ; Sanford (Mr. R. Jones) ; Milford (Mr. Elliston) ; Louisa (Miss Belchambers), and Charlotte (Mrs. Gibbs), are totally destitute of spirit and originality. Of Wilkins it is almost sufficient to say that he is personated by Liston ; but his soliloquy will convey the best idea of his character.

“ Enter Wilkins.”

“ Well, gad, here I am on excellent terms with myself, and on a tolerable footing with every body else—the uncle is civil, the niece pretty—his house decent—his establishment neat—she’ll do—forty thousand pounds in addition—double set of horses—seat in parliament—cut the shop—damn soap and candles—house at the West-end—neat set out,—all in proper form, as we say in the city—how to get her—hate love—too much trouble—tears spoil the eyes—dishevelled locks play the devil with my wig—can’t work—must pay—bribe the servants—give them the paper—win them over—all’s fair—here comes two—tip them Mr. Hase—plan settled—liberal lover—reach Louisa’s ears—tickle her fancy—win her heart—thing’s done—I’ll graft myself on the gardener, and be the footman’s obsequious humble servant.”

The dialogue is lively and entertaining, the incidents succeed each other in such a manner as to keep the attention perpetually alive, and though the “ Trial by Jury,” owing to the circumstances before mentioned, does not excite the hysterical mirth that usually accompanies the exhibition of *Killing no Murder*, it enchains the attention, and leaves us at the dropping of the curtain in that kind of equable good humour, which if not so violent as laughter, is more lasting and more rational.

Of the *Round Robin*, we too much regret its author’s disappointment, to say any more than that we earnestly hope his proposed alterations will render it worthy of a different reception from that which it met with on its birth-night. But we would seriously advise every dramatic author who has any reputation to lose, to wait for a more propitious moment, in which to appear before the public than the present. Were it not for Elliston and Liston, the company would be inferior to any that we have seen on the boards of the provincial theatres, and if the ladies and gentlemen who personated certain characters in the *Round Robin*, be not hissed from the stage before their next appearance, we shall follow the example of our Manchester correspondent, and endeavour to determine how far the influence of periodical criticism extends. As for the *Royal Oak*—too dull for ridicule—too stupid for praise—...and too insignificant for discriminative criti-

cism, we shall leave it to that fate which apparently awaits it, and are persuaded that from his failure in every attempt that he has made to dramatize historical facts, he will at length be convinced of his inequality to the higher productions of the drama, and will henceforward confine himself to a department in which he is sure to be successful—the adaptation of the domestic tales of other nations to the English stage.

To the Editor of the SCOURGE.

MANCHESTER, 8th of June, 1811.

SIR,

If in your laudable but arduous undertaking of public censor, you should think proper to extend your vigilance to the dramatic operations of provincial theatres, you will find those, which are looked upon as the *nurseries* for the metropolitan boards, worthy your attention; for there you will be able to watch the slow unfolding and tardy progress of abilities in performers, who, as future candidates before a London audience, will become the subject of your immediate observation: you could at the same time deal out a little of your “flogging” (since that practice is likely to be done away with in another department) amongst those critical impostors, who, because Editors of a “*Weekly Advertiser*,” think themselves called upon to mould the public taste after their own manner, by a display of all their classical and learned *qualifications*, or who, less attached to the empty sound of literary fame than to mere *solid gold*, will for a *guinea*, puff into notice the most contemptible idiot.

The theatrical season, which has just closed (12th of May) in this town under the management of Knight and Ward, offers ample proofs of my assertion; and whoever has read the “*Exchange Herald*,” after having attended to any dramatic representation at our theatre, must deprecate the privilege which is possessed by the blockhead alluded to of blotting his weekly *sheet of paper*—to counteract, therefore, the bad effects of impertinent *puffs* and of angry *attacks*, I presume to send you the following impartial statement of our late dramatic recreations.

If *size* can determine the degree of excellence, the theatre of Manchester may be considered as the second, if not the first, out of London, and were it not for the unconquerable *parsimony* of one of the managers, might also boast of the best company in the country; but such as it is at present, it cannot, with justice, be distinguished from the numberless petty theatres that are spread about the kingdom.—To begin the review of the forces lately engaged at this theatre: I shall first mention MR. RAE as the leading member and acting manager. This gentleman, when he appears before us on the stage,

seems above the common stature, and well made, with strongly marked angular features. Some ill-natured persons indeed have frequently thrown out hints as to his borrowing, *for the occasion*, more than two inches of *height* from his boots, and of rendering his legs, hips, and shoulders more *muscular* by the assistance of quilts and stuffings; but as these additions do not appear very evident to the audience, and as the critic should not interfere with anybody's toilette, I shall dismiss the subject—Mr. *Rae* in *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Douglas*, and I venture to say in *King Richard* and *Lear*, were he to play these characters, must be named immediately after *Kemble* and *Young*; for no country actor can boast of so much chaste judgment, appropriate action, and easy elegance—not so in other characters professionally called of the same line: His *Romeo* is not Italian, his *Coriolanus* is a continued monotonous *bavardage*, and his *Alexander* a proof of the *stunning* noise that can be made with good stout lungs. To the dramas of the German school he always does justice and often improves his author—The energy of passion, the gloom of despondency, and the vehemence of youthful love, are masterly expressed by him on those occasions. His eyes ever consonant with his words and action, now strike us with terror, now electrify us with joy, now sadden us with disappointment—in all these parts, his pronunciation is pure and correct; his carriage easy and impressive, though oftentimes affected by

“————— the solemn pace of state,
While “One foot put forward in position strong,
The other like its vassal drags along.”

Lloyd.

But in genteel comedy Mr. *Rae* is wholly deficient; and whenever he attempts the *careless husband*, the *gay lover*, or the *fashionable man of the world*, we perceive with mortification that versatility of talent is seldom granted to the most accomplished actor; and we lament, that a person who can “paint the passion’s force and mark it well,” should fall so much below even common expectation; for he is really awkward in his address, and his utterance is nothing but a succession of vapid, convulsive, unintelligible sobs.—As an acting manager I have nothing to say in his praise. I will suppose him to have had the best intentions, when charged with the direction of so important a branch of public amusements, and to Mr. *Ward*, must I therefore direct all the censure which his little regard for public gratification loudly calls for and deserves—in the dressing however of individual characters, and in the appropriate use of *scenery*, &c. the public had reason to expect from a man of education a degree of correctness, which, I am sorry to say, was not to be seen throughout the season. Why should *Coriolanus*, for instance, an inferior com-

manding officer in the Roman army, though a patrician, appear before us with a modern cloak groaning under the weight of *gilt spangles*, with *gilt sandals* and other affected marks of luxury, unknown to the simple age of the 266th year after the building of Rome? Why clothe the Roman soldiers in white cotton stockings and *breeches*? Why represent the capitol and the Forum with modern *scenes*, and suffer the same *hall* to serve for the senate at Rome and the house of the Volscian *Aufidius*?—And in Alexander, ought Mr. Rae to be reminded that the fine *ostrich* feathers towering on his helmet may be *beautiful*, but are not correct? ought he to be told, that some distinction was necessary between the rude *Macedonians* and the effeminate *Persians*? Ought he to have been informed, that the *insignia* which had served for the triumph of *Coriolanus* could not be used in that of Alexander? and that S. P. Q. R. signifies *to the Senate and Roman people*, and therefore were not appropriate for the *procession* of *Macedonian* officers? All these *trifles*, when not tended to destroy illusion, confirm the ignorance of the *illiterate*, and give but a poor specimen of the stage-manager's abilities to men of information. But let us hear the learned editor of the Exchange Herald, who during the season regaled us weekly with his—"remarks on theatricals"—"Mr. Rae's dress for *Coriolanus*" (which I described that *all* might judge of its impropriety) "was not only handsome, it was *classically correct*, and the whole piece was got up in the most chaste and superior style"—Of the representation of Alexander, this *critic*, equally well informed as the managers, or probably rendered dumb by a free admission for himself and family, with some other sweeter *et ceteras*, says not a word of the many glaring improprieties I have mentioned, but only remarks Mr. Rae's *uncommon display* of judgment, in that part of his Alexander, when raving with madness, and from the top of a chair, fancying himself surrounded by foes, he suddenly plunges amidst his attendants,

"But like a tempest thus I pour upon him."

Which mortal leap of Mr. Ray, he ascribes to that gentleman's knowledge of *medicine*; it being caused, as he says, by a "*specific jumping quality of the poisonous draught*" he had drank. *Infelix novus homo!*—Yet would you believe, Sir, that this very man was suffered to give lessons at *rehearsals*, and to direct the manner of the performance? Nay, this *ichneumon* of literature has been allowed to PESTER us (through the too yielding actors) with bad *songs*, stupid *addresses*, and rhapsodical conclusive speeches, which he impertinently added to well established comedies.—Were it not for the fear of giving importance to a contemptible thing, I might here insert a few specimens of his poetical productions!

Mr. Grant affects to imitate Cooke ; but, alas ! a violent unnatural gesticulation, a ranting voice, an immutable stern look, and an unbending affected stiffness of carriage, will never bring to our mind that excellent though eccentric actor. In *Sir Archy M'Sarcasm*, and in *Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant*, however, Mr. Grant, since that gentleman's emigration has stood unrivalled in this country. Mr. Andrews fills some of his various parts respectably, and may serve the purposes of many country managers.—Mr. Caldwell is a novice in the art, and very young ; and should the unfolding of his abilities keep pace with the rapid growth of his person, he may stand a chance of one day becoming a great actor.—Mr. Elrington, from the banks of the Shannon, next claims my notice, not for his merits, but for the valuable stock of information he has imported, together with his person, into this country : Love with him should be expressed by a stern and loud voice : terror, rage, and despair with calm but rapid delivery of speech. In respect to action, arms folded on his breast are the marks of ease and elegance : one hand immoveably fixed on his neck, and the other resting on his hip, forming an acute angle with the arm which is concealed by the overflowing drapery, is the attitude of conscious superiority and of tragic dignity. But when both arms are violently stretched out in a horizontal and parallel line, with clenched fists, we are to understand that rage boils in his breast, and whoever plays with him had better beware lest the thunder should burst on his devoted head. In fact, this gentleman promises fairly to bring about a total improvement in theatrical declamation, and were the managers but to take his word, and trust him in all the principal parts, we should soon discover new beauties in every line of Shakespeare.

But I had almost forgotten Mr. Gordon, a kind of amphibious actor, whom we met in every piece, and of whom we cannot ascertain the line of business : for deep tragedy, light comedy, serious melodrama, broad farce, and buffoonery, are all equally familiar to him, and nothing was more common than to see him in the course of the same week, a tender lover, a severe moralist, a fashionable puppy, a low countryman, a contemptible jockey, and a booby. One quality, however, Mr. Gordon possesses, and that's indisputably—a fine figure.—Mr. Bomer to a comic figure adds no common share of abilities, and his *Sir Anthony Absolute*, *Justice Woodcock*, and *Sir Abel Hancy*, are not only respectable, they are interesting.—*Mr. Tayleure, whose name has been often registered in your work, leads the mimic line. He certainly possesses merit, but alas ! of how precarious a nature ! for the moment our dramatic compositions

* Qu. Where ?

shall be restored to that rank from which they have fallen, and the *Cyphers*, the *Mingles*, and the *Buskins* shall no longer disgrace our stage, Mr. Tayleure will find his talents inadequate for *genuine representation*. I am loth to say any thing of Mr. *Dobbs*. Mr. Shuter came to the company, I understand, to *fill the line of Irishmen*, and he must forgive me, when, doing justice to the respectability of his acting I must say, that he is far from giving even a tolerable idea of the witty *naïveté* of the *sons of Erin*. He might sing well, were he possessed of more natural powers. We now and then saw a Mr. *Ker* fill some parts in *broad comedy*. He seemed completely master of the stage, and to have a good deal of humour. We must therefore regret that he was kept *too idle* during the season. Of the minor satellites it will be useless even to mention the names.

I should be ashamed of dedicating to the *ladies* the second part in this theatrical analysis; but that even in the simple enumeration of the *dramatis personæ* of a play, I find the ladies invariably occupy the *lower station*. Mrs. *Ward*. Of the merits of this lady I need not say any thing to you, Sir, who must have been familiar with her performances on the London stage. I cannot, however, help expressing my regret, and you will sympathize with me, Mr. Editor, that time should cause *such havocs*, and that persons in a theatrical situation, when caught within the grasp of that *universal* destroyer, should not know how to beat an honourable retreat.—Miss *Stratton* possesses a good figure, and, I am informed, a more than common understanding; but there is a certain, *je ne sais quoi* about her, which makes one despair of her ever out-stepping mediocrity.—Mrs. *Dobbs* has a sweet plaintive voice, fills some very important parts, and should she make a study of her profession, she may one day become an actress.—Miss *Bristow*—Were not my heart a proof “*against the shafts of cruel love*,” I might fear the Cupids which play around this young lady’s face, when applying to her those lines of *Lloyd*,

“Some placid natures fill the allotted scene,
With lifeless drone insipidly serene.”

Mrs. *Sterling* was our first female singer, and it is to be regretted that bad taste should spoil a good voice. Miss *Grant* in the first chamber-maid, and in the *low country girls*, has few equals; in light comic songs she is pleasing; although the *malicious*, over-looking her merits, and indignant at her *mysterious conduct* towards Mr. K—t, often mingle the wide-spreading *hiss* with rapturous plaudit. Miss *Grenville* fills best those parts which are marked by modesty, ingenuity, and gay simplicity—her voice is sweet and harmonious, and could she but divest herself of those fears which render her *singing tremulous*,

we would oftener be delighted with her warblings. Mrs. Tayleure, late Mrs. Bernard, is too well known to the theatrical world to need my praise, or to fear my censure—Madames Moreton, Grant, Howell, &c. &c. conclude the list, from which you may perceive, Mr. Editor, that if the excellence of a company depend on its number, that of Manchester could almost stand the *first* on the provincial catalogue.

And now for a few words to the managers. It is too much the custom, in theatrical criticisms, to press hard upon the performers, without reflecting how far any of the deficiencies we upbraid in them may be the effect of the illiberality and narrow-minded views of their masters. Seen in this light, no company is more excusable than that of Manchester, for the little of satisfactory and pleasing we have had this season, we owe entirely to the actors' *personal exertions*, and their faults may be overlooked with propriety, when we know how severely they had to struggle against *caprice*, *arrogance*, and the influence of *favourites*. Pieces were cast with little propriety and less judgment; *merit* was generally disregarded, and novelties were rejected, because expensive. No regard to costume, to chronology, to propriety, or to common decency was observed: all has been a disgraceful show of the vilest confusion. What wonder, that the *scheme*, as it is called, has failed? Well it may; and well do the managers deserve it. When people take no pains to conciliate public favour, they, in their turn, must expect to be left to merited contempt and unpitied failure.

ΕΠΑΝΟΡΘΩΤΗΣ.

